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THE LIGHT OF DAWN.

BY WM. MACKINTOSH.

Whence have they fled, the stars of night?
Did they lose heart and yield
To spreading gloom, or in their light
To brighter skies revealed?

In truth they only seem to fly,
They love to boldly face
Black clouds, until the sun is nigh
With beams to fill their place.

If man like them would bend his power
To drive life's gloom away,
He'd ever find the darkest hour
Was near the dawn of day.

A Strange Wooing.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN SEARCH OF HIM," "WHICH WAS HER DEAREST?" "UNDER A CLOUD," "A SLEEPING PRINCESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE sun shone brightly upon the gray chateau and its quaint old gardens. Among the vivid scarlet of the creepers and the mellow orange, crimson, and yellow of the dahlias and chrysanthemums, sat the Countess of Eynesford, with a book on her knees.

She was seated on the low parapet, and the folds of her cream-colored serge dress contrasted with the glowing richness round her. She was not reading. Her hands rested idly on her lap, and her eyes, looking very grave and sad, were fixed vacantly upon the distant horizon.

She had been alone for three days at St. Etienne. On the leaves of her book lay an open letter—one of two she had received that morning. Her mother's had been kissed, wept over, and put away. The other was abrupt—without any words of introduction.

"I have just returned from an expedition through one or two Parisian slums," it ran. "Everything was, as I thought, most cleverly arranged by the police; but, on arriving at our destination, our bird had flown. As time was everything, I at once dismissed in pursuit the two detectives who had accompanied me—an imprudent thing to do, it seems, in a neighborhood of that description. I am not wont to think much of an adventure, and I was proceeding along quietly enough by the banks of the Seine, when I was set upon by three men from behind. Fortunately—or unfortunately, as you may think—they were unarmed. I always carry a revolver, and the sight of it seemed to disconcert them. I fired so as to graze the head of one of them and draw blood; the others, perceiving this, made off. The man I hit was the one to be feared—small and slight, but with a grip like a vice. I have marked him so I shall know him again. I am now awaiting further news from the police; but this little affair has brought forcibly to my mind the fact that, in scouring the vilest parts of Paris, there may possibly be some personal risk; and now I have not, as heretofore, only my own life to consider. I therefore sit down to write to you so that, in case we should not meet again, you may be able to produce a written statement of my wishes. You see I am not going in for melo-drama—I only mention my possible death that you may be provided for in such a contingency.

"There is no doubt that at last I have a clue—a genuine one—to the circumstances of Guy's assassination. I shall follow it up, at whatever cost; and I shall not see your face again until I have done all that man can do in the matter. I may be away a long time, so I wish to provide against your being solitary. Please write and invite one of your sisters, or whomsoever you like, to stay with you. If I should really have to be away for some weeks, I dare say you would like to go to Grange-le-Cross, to be near your own people; but may I ask you to wait a week before taking such a step? I shall then be able to know my own plans more precisely.

"The small key I enclose is the key of the escritoire in the library of St. Etienne. You will find, in the top right-hand drawer, my will, executed the day before our marriage. It will be some slight satisfaction to feel that, though I have caused you much suffering, I shall be able to leave you perfectly independent. You are very young, too, Ethel—so blessedly young—young enough to begin life again, and to make it so fair as to enable you to forget the unhappiness I have caused you. But may I ask you, solemnly and earnestly, one thing—not to marry Fitzwarrene without a most careful investigation of his past life? I merely mention this as a request. Of course I have attached no such condition to your accession to all my personal property.

"This letter is a long one—forgive it; it may be that you will never be called upon to read another. I am alone to-night, and am feeling morbid. I have a presentiment that we shall not meet again—you and I. If it must be so—well, I can but submit; but I tell you that, if my life should be spared, I will make you love me as deeply, as intensely, as you once hated me. Perhaps I should not dare to say so much, but that I have this feeling, strong and deep, that I shall not live to complete the scheme on the success of which I have risked all chance of personal happiness." (At this point in the letter appeared three or four words, hastily and effectually erased.) "Living or dying, Heaven bless you.

"R. EYNESFORD."

Ethel's musings over this letter had lasted for hours. She sat motionless, in a dazed frame of mind, which had lasted ever since her wedding-day.

Lord Eynesford's proceedings had taken her so suddenly and utterly by surprise that it seemed impossible to rearrange her ideas. Again and again she had told herself that what he had said was not true; but she did not believe her own words.

That man—so far as she had any preconceived idea of his character and motives—had ceased to exist. The new Eynesford, presented to her for the first time at their last interview, was a stranger—some one she did not know. The sudden reversal of all her ideas had stunned her. She hardly knew whether she was miserable or not; she only knew that every thought she had formerly cherished appeared to be erroneous.

She spent her solitary days in roaming about the house and gardens, which, even though she would not admit it, were exactly what her soul loved. As if in a dream she had wandered down the quaint old avenues, sat on rustic seats under arches of foliage, leaned her warm young cheek against cold, weather-beaten stone naiads, and brought in bunches and festoons of tinted leaves, bright berries, glowing dahlias, and late roses, to deck the vases which abounded in the rooms.

On the second day she had exhausted all the flower-receptacles in the drawing-room, and passed between the amber-colored curtains in search of more. She was much impressed with the room in which she found herself. It had evidently been used as a drawing-room, and lately refurnished as a lady's boudoir.

There were book-shelves, abundantly supplied with the best novels of the day, a piano, an easel, a writing-table, luxurious chairs and sofas. She noticed that the letter E was on the music, the blotting-book, the paper-knife, the account-book, and similar trifles; but that might stand for Eynesford as well as Ethel.

The books were a treasure-trove, she told herself. She would not enliven her solitude by visiting Miss Strickland, though secretly she longed to do so. The chaplain's sister was the very first person she had ever heard speak of Lord Eynesford with enthusiasm. In England he was most unpopular. No one mentioned him except as "our eccentric landlord", "that solitary fellow, Eynesford", or "the woman-hating Earl".

To-day, for the first time, it occurred to the Countess that such sentiments were only to be expected from a community that had never done him justice, that had never taken the trouble to understand him, and had been ready at once to believe evil against him on most insufficient evidence. Lord Eynesford in England and Lord Eynesford in France seemed to be two different men.

Miss Strickland, who had known him from childhood, evidently thought highly of him. The gardeners at the chateau, when addressed by the young Countess, were ever flowing with sympathy for the grief that they were sure she must feel at being separated, even for a day, from any one so love-worthy.

To console her, they showed her the tree the Earl had planted on his fifth birthday, the horse he had broken in, which threw all the grooms, and, most famous of all, the leap he had taken from the terrace down upon the slopes one evening when news was suddenly brought of a poaching affray.

"In his dress-suit, Madame la Comtesse—just as he was! He took up his revolver from the hall-table, and was off! They caught five that night, and he had not so much as a hat on! He was very different from his brother, Lord Glanvil."

That was the burden of every one's song.

"He was very different from his brother."

Yet, in a small portrait at the chateau, Guy looked handsomer than ever Ranulf, with his lean frame, large bones, dark skin, and marked features, could have claimed to be.

There was, however, one portrait of the Earl at which Ethel had gazed an unreasonable number of times. There were very few portraits at St. Etienne, the family gallery being at Grange-le-Cross.

This one—a life-sized head in oils—was taken, they informed her, about three months before Lord Glanvil's death. It was a youthful face, dark, and rather thin, but with an expression of hopeful gladness mingled with its habitual melancholy. The eyes were full of spirit, the pose of the head at once proud and graceful.

Ethel felt as if she knew the secret of that portrait. It was taken when he fancied himself beloved, for the first and only time in his life. She herself had seen that expression on his face for one moment—when he told her how he loved her from the moment of seeing her by Guy's grave—when perhaps something in her silence and confusion had inspired him with a wild momentary hope.

The picture hung in the dining-room. It attracted her thither—why, she scarcely knew. Leaning over the back of a chair, she would fix her eyes on it for many minutes at a time. This marriage, which she had thought such a cruel wrong, such a deadly injustice to herself—were there not two sides to it? He was an earl; he might have chosen among the noblest ladies of England. He had conferred his title and position upon the daughter of a man whom he knew to be dishonest and unscrupulous. Why? To save her from marrying one whom he deemed to be unworthy of her. Unworthy! The world had thought Hector Fitzwarrene far too high to mate with Ethel Devon. And all this had Lord Eynesford done without the hope of a return, without even a trace of gratitude. He had carried out his generous scheme amidst reviling and hate from the woman he was trying to save.

Ethel's cheeks burned till she hid her face, as though Ranulf's painted eyes could see her. She felt as if she knew in part what he must have suffered—how, knowing that any attempt at love-making would be repulsed with loathing, that any effort at explanation would be met with unbelief, all that had remained to him had been the sternest self-repression, the most frigid composure. Then she thought of his wretched life, the bitter blow of his first love's faithlessness, the agony to such a nature of being suspected of a crime of which he was entirely incapable.

It seemed as if all these considerations were poured into the girl's ear by some unseen spirit. Everything about the place seemed imbued with his influence. If she took down a volume of poems, there was "Ranulf Warristoun" scrawled on the fly-leaf; and his pencil had underscored a passage here and there. A portfolio of his sketches lay on a table in the drawing-room; the terrace must always now be associated with his daring leap.

His face seemed everywhere present to her; she could almost feel the light touch of his arm, the cool pressure of his lips to her forehead as he had kissed her in her mother's presence; till every hour it seemed more of an effort to repeat to herself:

"He has wronged me; I hate him!"

Suddenly, as she sat on the gray parapet, the unusual sound of wheels fell upon her ears. The thought that he had returned seemed almost to make her heart stand still. With a wild desire to hide herself, she rose to her feet; and then she saw that the open carriage approaching contained two ladies.

As the carriage stopped at the door, she knew she had been seen; and, in an instant, she recognised Cora Beaufort and her mother.

There was nothing for it but to go forward and greet her visitors.

"We must apologize deeply for so early breaking in upon the honey-moon," said Cora sweetly; "but our time is so short at Mouans-les-Bains, I am sure Lord Eynesford will forgive me for wanting to revisit this dear old chateau. I was so happy here once."

"I am sure Lord Eynesford will be exceedingly sorry to have missed you. He is not at home," answered the Countess.

"Not at home!" cried mother and daughter.

"A very serious affair—a business which he has long been deeply interested in—called him away," said Ethel simply.

"I never heard of such a thing!" Mrs. Beaufort said with energy.

"I dare say not; I think the circumstances are unusual," returned Ethel suavely, but with a trace of haughtiness which did not escape Cora.

"You are most terribly to be pitied; I sympathize with you most deeply, I assure you, Lady Eynesford," she said. "You must be breaking your heart, here alone!"

"No; not breaking my heart," was the tranquil response. "I fancy Lord Eynesford would not care to return and find me heart-broken; but I am very anxious on his account."

"Dear, dear! What is all this important business of his?" asked Mrs. Beaufort.

"It is of a strictly private nature," Ethel returned, with the same impenetrable sweetness which had once routed Lady

Fitzwarrene. "But I am keeping you both standing. Since Miss Beaufort owns that her visit was partly paid to the house, and the house has not been called away by business, I hope you will come in."

This was said playfully, but the sting in the words was not lost on Cora.

The Countess led the way into the tasteful drawing-room, with its scent of flowers and clear wood-fire. Every movement revealed some fresh point of beauty about her—beauty which consisted of higher elements than features or complexion. She seated herself, in her cream-colored draperies, on the little couch with its white fur, scarlet-bordered covering. She held a palm-leaf screen between her face and the fire, and Cora hated her afresh for every succeeding charm of look or attitude.

Ethel, on her side, was no less absorbed in watching her beautiful visitor. Cora seated herself first in the chair which Ethel had placed for her, facing the window, but soon became restless. Presently she rose, crossed the room under pretence of admiring a splendid begonia in full flower, and so managed slowly and cautiously to turn her head till her eyes rested on Ranulf's portrait. She thought herself unobserved. She drew a little nearer, and gazed upon the painted face with a look of tender yearning in her eyes.

Ethel, quietly conversing with the elder lady, and skilfully parrying her inquiries as to the precise minute of Lord Eynesford's departure, saw everything. A conviction flashed across her mind.

"She loved him all the time—she loves him still! He might have married that regal woman!"

Tea was brought in—tea and exquisite grapes from the hot-houses at the chateau. Then Cora turned to Ethel, with a pressing invitation. Would she not drive over to Mousse-les-Bains to-morrow and spend a long day with them? It was a dreadfully dull place, there was nothing in the world to do; but she might find it better than solitude.

They would take no refusal. Ethel did not want to go, but did not see on what grounds she could reasonably refuse. She accordingly promised to go; and, in a few minutes her guests took their leave, to her great relief.

"Why do I dislike Miss Beaufort so much, I wonder?" she said to herself that evening, as she sat by her boudoir fire. "Why has her coming made me feel so depressed? To-night, for the first time, this great old house seems unbearably lonely. I am depressed, nervous. I wonder if it is a presentiment. I feel as if something dreadful were about to happen, something dreadful to Ranulf——"

With a start she checked herself. Involuntarily she had uttered his name aloud. She looked round, frightened, caught up her candle, rang for Madeleine, and went to bed; but her dreams were disturbed, and twice in the night she awoke, fancying that she heard the Earl say:

"If I had lived I could have made you love me!"

CHAPTER XVI.

CORA BEAUFORT sat at the window of the Bath Hotel at Mousse-les-Bains. The day was warm almost to sultriness. She wore a dainty gown of crimson silk, trimmed down the front with milk-white lace, and she slowly moved a large crimson fan to and fro, as she talked languidly and intermittingly to some one seated in the shadow of the curtains.

"What a delight to be here, is it not?" she said. "Summer still reigns, its beauty mixed with all those tints of autumn. While in London the deluded population are probably crouching over fires and promenading in furs and muffs."

"London is insufferable from June till December," observed her companion; "but a good many have to put up with it, don't they?"

"I suppose so," said Cora absently. "But, oh, to picture it with all this beauty around and about one! The tints at Chateau St. Etienne were so lovely yesterday!"

"Very probably."

"I did so yearn for some of the late roses. I eyed them as lovingly as I dared; but the Countess would not take the hint. I wonder how she gets on with her French servants."

"Talking of French servants—what has become of your man, Theophile, the man who can do everything?"

"Oh, we do not want him here! His people live in Paris, I believe, so I have given him a week's holiday to go and see them."

"It is very good and thoughtful of you."

"Oh, don't make me out better than I am! I shouldn't do it if it were not quite convenient."

"I wonder why you always malign yourself so?"

"To save other people the trouble."

"You make yourself out worse than you are."

"That would be impossible!"

"You should let others judge——"

"Thanks; I accept nobody's judgment but my own. Ah, we have a visitor! Who can it be? Lady Eynesford, I declare! The newly-made Countess herself has arrived in her carriage and pair."

"Do you mean it?" asked the voice from the shadows.

"Yes; to tell the truth, I asked her yesterday to come. I did not tell you, because I was afraid you would fancy yourself *de trop* with so many ladies."

Cora Beaufort was proficient in the art of not allowing her own confederate to know more of her movements than was absolutely necessary. She smiled as she uttered the last words, and, almost before she had finished speaking, Lady Eynesford was announced.

Ethel walked in, looking pale and dignified. She disliked coming very much, but thought that perhaps Ranulf would be annoyed if she refused without being able to give any reasonable excuse.

"It is so good of you to come!" said Cora, rising and going across the room to greet her. "I cannot provide a romantic old chateau in which to entertain you; but I can introduce you to an old friend—Mr. Fitzwarrene tells me that you have met before!"

With that Hector, deathly-pale, rose and extended a cold hand, in which Ethel put her own. A thrill, a tremor, passed through the two hands.

Hector muttered a few words as to being an unexpected pleasure; and Ethel responded with a hope that he had left Sir Hugo and Lady Fitzwarrene quite well.

Ethel sat down, trying to answer questions rationally and to analyze her own turbulent sensations.

What did she feel on meeting Hector? She hardly knew. There was a keen feeling of some sort; more she could not tell. Mingled with these emotions was a vague idea, caused by she knew not what, of having been trapped.

With half-formed suspicion she glanced from Hector's pallid face to Cora's unmoved tranquility. Oh, surely it must be fancy!

On Hector's side she felt certain the meeting was undesigned—his perturbation, his struggle for self-possession, were too evident. And Cora? There was no reasonable ground for supposing that she, even if she knew the circumstances, would be guilty of the refined cruelty of arranging such a scene.

So she told herself, again and again, as the weary hours dragged on. Cora, seated so perfectly at her ease, so calm, so cool, so chatty and pleasant, seemed the last person to harbor vindictive cruelty. Yet Ethel could not help reflecting:

"Cora Beaufort loves Ranulf. She must hate me!"

Mrs. Beaufort was kind to the young Countess. She was in a complacent frame of mind just then, for Cora was markedly gracious to young Fitzwarrene, who was a "catch".

Ethel scarcely knew how she lived through that day. It brought her more acute suffering than even her wedding-day. The constant effort to avoid Fitzwarrene's appealing eyes, the sudden necessity of a dexterous turn in the conversation, which Miss Beaufort, with blind pertinacity, would lead round to Grange-le-Cross, and Hector Fitzwarrene's intimacy with Ethel there, made her feel indescribably miserable.

At last the clock gave her a reasonable excuse for asking that the horses might be put to. The sense of relief was so great that she with difficulty averted a fit of hysterical crying.

"Must you really go? Well, we shall hope to see you as soon as you and the Earl can tear yourselves from your seclusion, and come to England," said Cora, rising and taking the hot, slender hand in both her own.

"You are very kind; our plans, at present, are in an unsettled state," answered Ethel mechanically, scarcely hearing the sound of her own voice, and vaguely trusting that she was speaking coherently.

"You will excuse my coming down into the night air?—I cannot lose this cough," said Cora. "Mr. Fitzwarrene, I am sure you will put Lady Eynesford into her carriage for me?"

As the two heads disappeared down the staircase, Cora grasped the balustrade with both her firm white hands, and leaned against it, her lips parted, breathing in fitful gasps.

"If it were possible for me to enjoy myself, I should say I had enjoyed myself this day," she thought. "Poor wretch, how madly he loves her! The moment she entered the room I could see the influence working! I have done all I can. If he does not follow it up, he is a greater fool than I took him to be. I must write again to Theophile to keep his lordship employed until I choose that he shall return!"

In her blind passion, Cora Beaufort had only looked upon Theophile as a man devoted to her service—a fitting instrument to execute her purposes.

Had she known into whose power she was delivering that Ranulf whom, in spite of outraged affection, she still loved with wild abandonment, she would have undergone any torment, however horrible, to rescue him from his impending fate. She had set the match to the train; but she had no idea what the force of the explosion would be.

Ethel descended the stairs slightly in advance of Fitzwarrene, her soft gray draperies almost touching him. Wild despair filled the young man's heart.

The door was open, but no one was about, except the solemn footman, who held open the door of her ladyship's carriage. Fitzwarrene put him aside, fastened the door himself, and stretched out his hand to take hers.

"Good night!" she said quietly.

"And that is all I am to have!" he said, in a tone of fury and anger, which he vainly strove to repress. "You can dare—you have the heart, after all that has passed between us, to say 'Good night' to me like that?"

For the moment she was off her guard—helpless at the sight of his frantic disappointment.

"Hector, you are mad! What would you have?" she whispered.

"What would I have? I would have the assurance," he answered fiercely, "that you have not yet given all your heart to that fiend who was brutal enough to leave you alone on your wedding-day!"

This outburst restored Ethel to her former cool composure. She remembered that it was the man now standing at her carriage-door who had first poured into her ears the slander which her husband had gone to combat.

"Mr. Fitzwarrene," she said frigidly, "your words are insulting—you are not yourself!"

Even as she spoke, the possible meaning of her words flashed across her mind, and she thought of Miss Vane. With an involuntary movement she shrank farther back into the carriage, as Fitzwarrene started violently.

"I am not myself, you think!" he said slowly and bitterly. "I shall demand an explanation of those words, Lady Eynesford!"

"You have no right to demand anything from me, Mr. Fitzwarrene! Good night! Please tell the coachman to drive on."

He kept his hand upon the carriage-door for one moment, his fury blinding him to the full import of what he said.

"Until now, I thought you were the victim of circumstances. I know now that I was mistaken. You are a miserable, weak, worldly woman, without sufficient courage to keep to the man you love when an Earl appears on the scene! You are still in your fool's paradise. When you find out that Eynesford has deserted you, never to return, as he has deserted other women, you may regret having trampled upon the heart of a man who loved you!"

He stepped back as the carriage started, and it rolled down the dark road, disappearing quickly from his sight. Ethel lay back against the cushions, faint and trembling. Her hands were clenched, her eyes glittering, and presently an indignant sob burst from her throat as she cried:

"How dare he utter such a shameful untruth?"

"I suppose it is too late to post a letter to-night?" she asked of the servants, an hour later, as she stood on the steps of the chateau.

"Too late for the village, Madame la Comtesse; but an important letter could be carried to Mallore, on horseback."

"Would one of the servants take it for me?"

"Assuredly, my lady."

Slipping off her wraps, she walked through the drawing-room, parted the yellow curtains, and sat down in the light of her rose-colored boudoir lamp.

Pulling writing materials towards her, with hasty eager hands, she rested her beautiful head on one hand and paused. She formed an exquisite picture as she sat there, the pen trembling in her impatient fingers, yet doubting how to begin. At last she wrote:

"Chateau St. Etienne, Tuesday night.

"I must write to tell you that I think you ought to know that Mrs. and Miss Beaufort are at Mousse-le-Bains, and that Mr. Fitzwarrene is with them. The two ladies called upon me yesterday and asked me to spend the day with them. I went, not knowing that he would be there. I have just returned, and cannot go to sleep without letting you know. He will come here—I am sure of it. What shall I do, here by myself? Write to me and tell me. I am afraid to be here alone. If your business keeps you in Paris, cannot I come——"

At this point her hand faltered, the pen dropped, and her face was hidden in her hands, which could not hide the hot blushes.

"Oh, what will he think?" she whispered, reading over what she had written. She left the sentence incomplete, and ran her pen through it. Then she added:

"Please write to me at once—please tell me what to do. "ETHEL."

* * * * * *

On the following afternoon Hector Fitzwarrene called at the chateau, and was told that the Countess was out. She had fled to Hester Strickland in her extremity. Baffled, but by no means defeated, he retired for that day.

Ethel drove to the Parsonage and back, to avoid any chance of a meeting in the lanes. The Stricklands received her gladly, and, to her own great astonishment, she found herself telling Hester how very anxious she was about Lord Eynesford's personal safety. The thought had rushed to her lips, and she had clothed it in speech without reflecting. Now, she asked herself, would not the tidings of the Earl's death be a marvellous unlooked-for relief? Would not the restoration of her liberty be to her as the restoration of life to one dead?

"No, I think not," she was forced to answer. "I do not want to be free till I know more of this man who sacrificed so much for me, and who loves me. I want to see him again, to look at him with newly-opened eyes, to judge him from my new standpoint. I cannot say yet if I desire my freedom or not."

Hester, as was perhaps natural, talked of nothing but Ranulf. She showed his wife some of the letters he had written to her while on his travels. More discoveries were made by Ethel, and there was more wonder at the character those lines seemed to disclose. When, on returning to the chateau, she saw Fitzwarrene's card, she drew a long breath of thankfulness.

The next day she could think of no pretext for going out. She stayed at home all day, lonely and miserable, for the post had brought no answer from Ranulf to her appeal. Late in the afternoon Fitzwarrene called. He was told that the Countess had a headache, and could see no one.

On the following morning there was a letter on her breakfast plate. Her forlorn heart gave a bound as she saw it; but disappointment ensued; it was from Hector—not Ranulf. Under it lay another, eagerly grasped; but it was from Cora Beaufort, to say that the weather was so tempting, they had been decoyed into organizing a picnic to the Roman encampment, and would call for Lady Eynesford at twelve o'clock punctually.

Ethel looked at the letter in despair.

"What am I to do? Oh, what am I to do?" she said piteously. "These people, they follow me, they persecute me; and Ranulf has left me here alone at their mercy! If Hector had the feelings of a gentleman, he would have left the place the moment he knew I was here. It is just as if I were really deserted. Oh, Ranulf, why do you leave me alone like this?"

For the first time since her marriage she wept as if her very heart would break. The long passionate rain of tears seemed to relieve her; but her pain at being unnoticed by Ranulf was as great as ever.

"Either he has not had my letter," she thought, "or he does not mean to answer it."

Almost simultaneously with this thought came an awful sickening dread—a sudden suspicion. The Countess started to her feet, with an audible cry. When last he wrote to her, he had thought himself in danger—in danger of losing his life. Suppose he was dead—dead—with no one to raise the hue and cry for him, for he had traveled to Paris quite alone! The suspense was too dreadful to be borne. For a little while she remained seated quite still, her hands clenched round her knees. Then she rang the bell.

"At what time does the train leave for Paris?" she asked of the butler.

At half-past eleven, she was told.

"Let the carriage be round at eleven to take me to the station. I am going to join the Earl in Paris."

After this she hesitated no longer. Rising from the table, she tore up Cora Beaufort's note and burned it. Hector's she threw into the fire unopened. A rather thick letter in a large envelope had arrived for the Earl that morning.

"I will give that to him in Paris," she said, taking up the packet. Then she summoned Madeleine.

"Madeleine, I am going to Paris, to join the Earl. I shall not take you with me; but, if I want you, I will telegraph for you to follow me. Miss Beaufort will call this morning after I am gone. When she comes, give her this note for me."

CHAPTER XVII.

It was just dusk when the Countess walked into the hall of one of the first hotels in Paris, and inquired for Lord Eynesford.

The weather had broken at last. As the cold half-frozen rain dashed against the windows of the train, Ethel had wondered how Miss Beaufort's picnic was faring.

The journey had been longer and lonelier than she could have imagined possible. No book, no magazine, would divert her mind from torturing thoughts as to where Lord Eynesford was, and whether she would find him.

Then, as she drove through the streets of Paris, which were just being lighted up, came the further thought of what she should say, how explain her presence, if she found him after all. She pictured his astonished face and grave eyes when she presented herself, but could neither imagine what he would be likely to say, nor what she would reply.

She was in such a state of agitation when she arrived at the hotel that she could scarcely frame her request to see Lord Eynesford. It seemed as if her whole life hung upon the answer. It came at last.

"Lord Eynesford left Paris two days ago, mademoiselle!"

Left Paris—without writing to her—two days ago! Everything round her grew hazy and indistinct for a few moments; but a chair stood near: she grasped it, held it fast, and recovered.

"Did mademoiselle expect to find his lordship?"

"Yes; I had imagined he was still in Paris. Are you sure that he left, not only this hotel, but Paris itself?"

"Quite sure, mademoiselle; for he gave orders that all letters which arrived for him when he had left should be forwarded to Chateau St. Etienne, as he expected to reach there yesterday at the latest. His lordship is probably there now."

"No, he is not; I have just come from there!"

"Indeed? His lordship must have been delayed then. He will probably have arrived by this time."

"You do not happen to know—to have heard—where his lordship intended to go between this and St. Etienne?"

"No; I regret that I can give mademoiselle no information on that head."

Ethel still clung to her chair.

"And a letter arrived for him after he was gone?"

"One, mademoiselle, which I forwarded to St. Etienne."

Ethel could scarcely restrain a harsh laugh, as she reflected that it must have been her own letter. She stood still, reviewing the position in her own mind.

He was, in all probability, unless some calamity had befallen him, at the chateau now. He would find her gone, his one expressed wish having been that she should not leave till his return; he would find no explanation of her conduct; he would certainly hear that Fitzwarrene had been in the neighborhood; and he had not had her letter.

The one thing to be done now appeared to be to return to the chateau as quickly as possible. Keeping up heart with difficulty, she again accosted the porter.

"Is there a train that will take me to St. Etienne to-night?"

Time-tables were consulted with direful result. It was impossible to get to St. Etienne before noon the next day.

"Must I stay here, in Paris, inactive, all night long, without being able to get my doubts solved at all?" thought Ethel despairingly. "Why did I come—why was I not content to wait?"

"There is a route here which would save mademoiselle nearly three hours," the porter observed; "but mademoiselle would have to pass the night at Louvard, which is about three-quarters of the way. There is a train that reaches Louvard at nine o'clock, and a train leaves there at seven o'clock the next morning, which reaches St. Etienne soon after nine."

"Is Louvard a place at which one could pass the night? Is there a hotel?"

"Yes, mademoiselle—an old-fashioned place. Several good inns."

"Then I will do as you suggest. Have I time to catch the train?"

"Half an hour to spare. Will not mademoiselle try to take something?"

"Yes; and to rest a few minutes."

She asked to be shown to a private room, ordered tea, and sat down for a few minutes reflection; but reflection was impossible. She only felt that, wherever Ranulf was, he was not in Paris, and that she could not remain there.

It seemed a very few minutes before they came to tell her that they had called a *fiacre* for her, and she was once more journeying through the streets of Paris.

On arriving at the station, she found that she had a quarter of an hour to spare, and, having purchased a ticket, was proceeding towards the ladies' waiting-room to rest, when a slight incident arrested her attention.

An old man was moving slowly down the platform in the direction of the third-class cars, when a porter, with a good deal of heavy luggage, carelessly knocked against him, and brought him to the ground.

He fell almost at Ethel's feet, and, with a sudden impulse of pity, she stooped and helped him to rise. He gained his footing with wonderful quickness, and, leaning upon her arm, tottered to a seat.

The porter, seeing the old man in the care of so well-dressed a lady, came up, penitent. Ethel, in her hesitating French, asked him to fetch a glass of wine and a biscuit, remaining bending over her *protege* while he was recovering. Suddenly she felt her hand seized and rapturously kissed.

"The sweet saints bless you, adorable lady! You have rendered me the first kindness your sex has shown me for years—ah, many years!"

"It is nothing," she answered, smiling and blushing, for the old man had bared his head, and made a courtly bow.

His manner, his language, his accent, were above his appearance. Gazing pityingly at his yellow skin, his stiff, stubbly white hair, and sharp, jet-black eyes, she guessed that he had seen better days, and that the world had not been kind to him. She watched with pleasure as he drank his wine and munched his biscuit, and presently inquired if he felt restored.

"Perfectly!" was the reply. "My heart, though pierced through and through, is not dead. You shall be remembered in my prayers, and blessings shall descend upon you for your sweet sympathy."

"I can sympathize. I have had trouble, too," said Ethel, with her pathetic smile.

She put two or three gold pieces into the old man's hand, and turned away. By liberal fees to the conductor, she kept the car to herself as far as Louvard—a long wearisome journey.

When she stood on the platform of the desolate-looking place, she repented her want of patience in not having waited in Paris till morning; but there was no help for it now, the train was gone, she must, perforce, stay where she was.

"And I shall think differently when I get home—home, to-morrow morning," she thought.

"Which is the best inn?" she asked of the driver of a fly.

"Madame cannot possibly do better than go to the 'Grand Monarque,' a truly superb hotel," replied the dishevelled Jehu; and he drove her to the place in question, which proved to be a sort of commercial inn that had seen its best days.

Ethel was shown into a big dilapidated sitting-room on the first floor, and begged for something to eat without delay, as she wished to go to bed at once. She sank into a capacious high-armed chair, with such aching weariness in every limb as she had scarcely imagined possible.

She threw out her arms over the table in her distress, and, in so doing, knocked her candlestick down, leaving herself in darkness. She had no matches, and she could not find the bell, so the only thing to do was to venture down-stairs to beg for a light. It was rather nervous work, groping across the big room in the darkness; but at last the door was found, and she reached the staircase. She heard voices in the hall—the landlady talking to a man whose back was towards Ethel!

"They are to arrive at the same time, and to be admitted immediately! Wherefore, I say—wherefore? I am not accustomed to such things—I!"

"You should have told me before," said the man, in a sulky voice.

"How—when I did not know myself? But you are never satisfied—never! There is no pleasing you."

The man shrugged his shoulders impatiently and walked out at the door.

Ethel summoned her courage, asked for and obtained a light, renewed her request that supper might not be long in coming, and returned to the room.

With the matches in her hand, she began to feel along the table for the candle-stick. A ray of light from the half-open door crossed the floor; but as she stood, searching in vain for the candle-stick, there was the sound of quick steps on the stairs, the ray of light was intercepted by figures of two men, who entered and shut the door.

"That's right!" said one. "Now I can tell you what the old woman says. We shall not be disturbed here."

Ethel held her breath in horror. She was so frightened that for a few moments she dared not move; and, when that time had passed, she had heard enough to know that her life was not worth a rush if she allowed her presence to be known to such a pair of villains.

"The one thing is, to strike quick and sure," the man continued. "When you went in with his dinner, you remembered to set his chair with the back to the door?"

"I did; but he moved it—confound him!"

"Well, that makes it the more difficult. Nevertheless, it must be done quickly; for—can you believe it?—the old woman says he has ordered two *gendarmes* to be in readiness at eleven—the hour we named!"

"Hang it all!"

"Yes; it must be therefore a quarter to eleven—just half an hour hence. Listen while I again repeat your instructions, for you are such a dolt, one can never be sure of you!"

"Go on, then."

"It is the room immediately over this—second door on the right hand of the landing. You remain outside, after telling him that I am waiting to see him and ushering me in. If you hear that he is too much for me, then, and not till then, do you rush in and stab him in the back. Mark you, I have carefully guarded against all possibility of detection. Every letter he has written since he came here has been destroyed. No one knows that he was ever in Louvard. All would be well but for two things—these *gendarmes* he has sent for, and the arrival of the old man."

"Of the old man?"

"Yes; he has appeared, and wants me to let him have the doing of it. As if an infirm old dotard would have a chance against a fiend like that, with the strength of a horse, and the courage of—an Englishman!"

"What have you told him?"

"That if he does not keep quiet, I will find means to make him. I have told him that the success of the whole thing depends on his silence, and that he is to leave it to me. Only leave it to me! *Ma foi!* I have a grudge of my own the more, since he ploughed my face for me with a bullet!"

There was a moment's silence, during which Ethel, who scarcely dare breathe, wondered what was coming next. Surely she would awake, and find this long dreadful day a nightmare—awake to find herself in Paris, and to hear Ranulf's voice.

It could not be true that she was there, crouching alone in the dark, while two murderers openly discussed their plans. She understood French perfectly now. Not a word of the conversation had been lost upon her. She knew that, in the room just above hers, sat a man whose life hung on a thread—who, in half an hour, would be murdered; and she felt that, cost what it might, she must somehow reach him and tell him. But the door was closed, and she could never cross that great room without making a sound. Conversation was suddenly resumed.

"I have thought," said the man who was to wait outside during the tragedy, "of a way to keep the *gendarmes* out of it."

"What is it then?"

"Very simple. Send Therese down the road to tell them that—you know whom—has mistaken the day. It is Saturday evening, not Friday, that he wants them."

"A good idea! I will act upon it. I will go down and speak to Therese at once. Wait here for me."

"Good."

"Stay; won't you have a light?"

"Thanks, yes; it would be more cheerful, wouldn't it?"

"I'll strike a match."

As Ethel sank down upon her knees behind the table, she gave herself up for lost.

The match was struck. It flared up for an instant, then went out. Another was struck, with the same result. Ethel watched the face over which the light flickered—a thin, dark, rather handsome face, but with a crimson scar passing from below the eye along the cheek-bone, to the top of the ear. The man struck another match—another. Each flared up for a moment, then expired.

"They are damp," he said hastily; "the rain has soaked my coat. I must leave you in the dark for a while—I have no time to lose."

Turning, he went out, leaving the door ajar. It was now or never, if she hoped to save the unknown victim in the room above!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

A NOTED DAY.—It is among other things said that the clergy under St. Valentine instituted lotteries, with the names of saints instead of the young folks. Whichever be correct, it is certain that the custom once begun has gradually grown, until, at the present time, in all civilized countries, the martyred bishop has the credit of knitting together any number of palpitating hearts. At the various European courts, during carnival times, which usually occurred on or about St. Valentine's Day, jousts and feasts were held, and each lady was wont to make choice from the assembled knights of one who bound himself to do her bidding and render her all honorable service during the ensuing year.

ORIGINAL THINKING.—The following are excerpts from the examination papers and essays of "original thinkers" in grammar and high school grades: "Jaundice, a scandal;" "Mosquito, a child of white parents." "Herodotus was a descendant of Herod the Great, and he was King of the Jews." "The Aryans spoke the French language;" "Virgil was a great American author;" "Diogenes was a great philosopher and a successor to Alexandria the Great;" "Longfellow wrote 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained;'" "Hawthorne wrote 'Moses from an Old Manse.'" "Plato was the author of Language, and his language was so perfect that it is said that if Jupiter were to speak he would speak Plato."

WITHOUT HEAT.—It is the general practice in Spain to shoe horses without the application of heat, and very few shoeing-smiths have bellows or forges in their shops. They also make their shoes without the aid of fires, a fact largely due to the pure, soft, ductile iron, primarily manufactured with wood and charcoal. The Spanish "herrador," or shoeing-smith, for he does no other work, general jobbing or repairing, has no use for the drawing-knife, and he never touches or pares anything but the wall, and that with the butteris, and on no consideration would he put on a calk unless ordered so to do by a veterinarian. It may be surprising, but nevertheless it is so, that lameness located in the feet or caused by shoeing is far more rare in Spain than in England or America.

BURIED ALIVE.—In old days it was often thought necessary to build living animals, even men, into the foundations on which an edifice was raised, to induce the earth to bear the burden laid on it. By this horrible custom men supposed that they insured the stability of the structure and gained other advantages. According to Danish accounts, a lamb was buried under every altar, and a living horse was laid in every churchyard before a human corpse was placed in it. Both lamb and horse are to be seen occasionally in the church or graveyard, and betoken death. Under other houses pigs and hens were buried alive. A continuance of fine weather was secured by building a living cock into a wall, and cattle were prevented from straying by a living blind dog being walled in under the threshold of the stable.

PEARLS AND SWINE.—An old magazine gives this instance of an original after-dinner speech: The entertainment was given by an earl, deservedly popular. It was extremely handsome, and champagne flowed in an almost excessive flood. The evening was well advanced, when a benignant old gentleman arose to propose a toast. He spoke with entire fluency, but somehow he said exactly the opposite of what he meant. "I feel," said he, "that for a plain country squire like myself to address this learned company is indeed to cast pearls before swine." Never was so successful a speech made. He could get no further for many minutes. The swine applauded vociferously, and as though they would never cease. We know, of course, that the good old gentleman meant that he was the swine and they were the pearls; but then he had not said so. His meaning could be gathered but was not expressed.

DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

BY ASHLEY H. BALDWIN.

Thinking of the sunny days, when lavender was blowing
In bloomy fragrance 'neath the wall; and o'er the rectory lawn
The standard roses, steep'd in dew, their dying flowers were strowing
Their latest summer flowers, that ne'er should see another dawn.

Thinking of the hazel lanes o'ersarch'd with sloe and brier;
The rippling laughter of sweet maids, the deeper tones of men;
When but to breathe, to live and love, was all our youth's desire,
And all the world seem'd bounded by that lonely, lovely glen.

When our sun had known no shadow, our young lives had known no sorrow,
And we pair'd in loving couples, strolling 'neath the nutty boughs,
And thought that present rapture from the future we would borrow,
And ne'er dream'd of slighted friendship, nor of love's forgotten vows.

Thinking—well, 'tis vain to ponder, now that on our brows are falling
The snows of Life's chill winter, on those dreams too bright to last;
Yet perchance within our bosoms some sweet voice is still recalling,
And making green again, old friends, the memories of the past.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

THE ship in which Harold sailed from the Cape met with rough weather, and was driven from her course; and at length, when she reached Madeira some slight repairs were needed, which detained her there a fortnight.

One day, at nearly the end of the second week, a fast merchantman, schooner-rigged, put into the bay and anchored for a few hours.

Harold, having nothing to do, rowed out to take a look at her, meaning to board and get English news if he could; but, to his surprise, he and his boat's crew were hailed before they reached her side, and told peremptorily that no strangers were permitted on board.

Upon this Harold stood up in his boat and tendered his card, saying he would be glad to speak to the Captain for a moment.

The man on watch, on receiving this request, remarked surlily that he had nothing to do with people's cards or messages—he had only to obey orders, and the boat must sheer off at once.

And, touching his forelock grimly, he retired from the bulwarks and was lost to view.

Wishing him all the plagues of Egypt, Harold was about to order his boatman to row away, when there flitted before his sight at a cabin window the face of Estrild.

For an instant his heart stood still, for he felt as though a spirit had passed before him; then he asked if he was mad or dreaming, and a minute had gone by before speech came to his white lips.

He looked up at the cabin window, but a curtain was drawn before it now, presenting to his eyes a blank of dull yellow.

Then he ordered his men to row round the ship, vaguely hoping for some sign of Estrild's presence as a proof that he had not been deceived by fancy or some unaccountable likeness or mirage.

But there was no fluttering robe visible on deck, no beckoning hand from cabin window, no sign on the ship's blank sides to assure his bewildered mind that a deceptive vision had not touched his eyes and vanished.

Then a man came to the gangway, and, leaning over, called out, in a high but quavering voice—

"I hear you wished to speak to me—I am Captain Sinclair."

Startled by some echo in the voice that touched his memory, Harold looked in the Captain's face and recognised him instantly.

It was Trevel's friend—the man with the scared pale aspect of a hunted creature—the man who had shot his wife, and was hiding with a herd of other outcasts in the den Harold had such reason to remember.

A breathless instant passed, in which he saw the recognition was not mutual, owing perhaps to his being bronzed and changed by the sun of India.

"I only wished to ask for English news," he said carelessly.

"I know of none," returned the Captain, his voice still curiously wavering and changing in its key.

"Can't I come on board?" asked Harold.

"No; I am forbidden by the authorities to receive any one; we have two or three men down with fever. I only put in here for fruit and green stuff for them."

"And you have a lady on board," said Harold, hiding the anxious tone of his voice by a laugh.

The strange Captain, who had no look of a sailor about him, retreated a step at this, and looked over his shoulder towards the cabin on the poop.

Perhaps some sign reached him from the curtained window, for, coming back, he answered—

"Yes; I have my wife with me."

As he spoke the cabin door was opened and a woman walked a step or two from it, then returned and closed it.

Harold saw her plainly, for the sunshine poured broadly over her strong little figure, her powerful jaw, and her cruel light eyes of fire.

She was not changed; mentally he saw her instantly again as he had last seen her, with the lamp flaring in her white face, throwing a ruddy hue on her curiously light hair, as she held back with one strong hand the man who was now leaning with crossed arms upon the bulwarks, looking down upon him with furtive shrinking eyes.

'So he has married that woman!" Harold said to himself. "A she-fiend, if ever one walked in human form! How could I have mistaken her face for Estrild's? It is impossible!"

Bewildered and full of angry doubt, he looked keenly in the man's face, longing to cry out, "Is there no one on my side who will fling him down?"

"So that's your wife?" he said. "Can I do anything for her or for you on shore, Captain Sinclair?"

"Much obliged, but I think not," replied the other shortly. "I shall get away from this hot place, I hope, to-morrow. I would never have put in here, but my best hand, whom I took on board as pilot, is down with fever, and my wife fancies there isn't a man aboard but him fit to work this ship; so I had to put in for fruit and wine—curse him!—whether I would or no."

"So there is the old jealousy in the man still," thought Harold; and, baffled, angry, and full of heart-ache, he returned to the shore, doubting the evidence of his own eyesight in that flitting vision of Estrild's face, and wondering whether it was his duty to tell the English Consul what he knew of the man who called himself Captain Sinclair and had the command of the good ship the Venture.

He decided to see the Consul, and toiled up the steep ascent to his house through dust and glare, only to gain a rebuff.

It was clearly no business of his Britannic Majesty's Consul to interfere between owners and any captain they might choose to appoint to command their merchant-vessels.

If the man was a scamp, that was their look-out, not his; so Harold was politely dismissed, and returned to his inn to chew the cud of many bitter thoughts.

Estrild's long and cruel silence—what could it mean? Had she never received his letters, or was she faithless? No; he would not believe that possible; hers was no light nature that could love and love again.

Then, like an unbent bow, his mind bounded back to old times and to the mystery and sorrow that had separated them and had brought into his life such strange risks and changes.

Battles and griefs, sickness and danger—all had come to him through his wild quest for Tristram Trevel's slayer.

The long, hot, dull day had worn to its close when he came down from the hill, and the gall and smart within him drove him again to the shore in a sort of angry longing for a sight of the ship which had shown him a false vision of his love.

The Venture was gone: there was a vacant spot on the sea where in the morning the big merchant-ship had loomed large and dark against the blue sky.

Harold turned away in a spiritless and angry mood. Earth, sea, and sky were a blank to him—he felt an enmity with the world. That ship——

"Beg pardon, sir, but are you the Inglis Captain Oliver?"

The question came from a little yellow man with a black beard and big gold rings in his ears, who plied a shore boat and sold fruit to incoming and outgoing ships.

"Yes, my name is Oliver. Have you any business with me?" asked Harold, in sharp impatience.

"This for the Inglis Captain;" and the yellow man took a letter from beneath a greasy jacket lying in his boat.

Estrild's writing! Harold seized the letter with a hand of fire.

Looking on, the man smiled complacently and talked his fill.

Yes, it was the lovely young Inglesa on board the big ship that sailed two, three hours agone for the Cape who had given him the letter, and he waited till the ship had sailed before he found the Signor Captain. Was the letter right?

Harold looked up in blind agony; like Samson, he would fain have laid his hands upon the pillars which held up the triumphant laughing lives of his foes, and have fallen with them in bitter gladness.

Why had the man not given the letter sooner? What did the lady say? Was she well? How was she looking? A thousand useless questions rushed to Harold's lips from his heart as he stood gazing into the face of the man who had seen Estrild.

This insignificant little yellow creature grew to be a prince in his eyes—a being to be envied and wondered at; he had had speech with an angel.

And yet Harold's soul was full of anger against this stranger to whom Estrild had spoken, while to him had been denied the hearing of her voice, the sight even of her shadow.

"What did she say to you?" he cried impatiently.

"The signora had no time for speech; the other lady come and and ask me sharply what I do there, and the young lady go away directly. Excellency will understand it was like this. I sell my fruit, and she come on deck and buy some; and she pay me with a gold piece and whisper, 'This is yours if you take this letter for me to the Inglis gentleman—you can read address?" I nod 'Yes,' and hide the letter in my basket. And the pale lady dart out from cabin quick as lizard, and no more words pass. The letter will tell more to the excellency than I can."

Harold tore it open, and found these pencilled lines—

"I am safe, though in such strange hands. Daniel is with me, and other friends; now you will not fear for my safety. I implore you not to pursue the ship, but to meet me at Langarth. You will hear she is gone to the Cape. Believe nothing you hear, but await in England a letter from me, summoning you to Langarth. I can explain nothing; I can only entreat you not to heed any of the reasons that seem to point a different course. Oh, Harold, I wish you could understand the agony of entreaty in which I write this! But how can I expect you will, when the anguish of my prayer and the foreboding of death I shall feel if you refuse it are incomprehensible even to myself? I know that my life depends on your acquiescence, but how I know it I cannot tell you. It is a mysterious warning spoken in the spirit—listen to it, my first and only love, or else I die; the fear of your refusal comes upon me like a great darkness in which I grope and fall into a grave.

"I write strongly because I know you will feel tempted to follow the Venture to the Cape. Harold, you would not see me there. Do not rush after a mistaken duty because you perceive I am a kind of prisoner—do not alarm yourself for this or exaggerate the dangers of my position. I am safe, and well, and happy. How can I help being happy, knowing now that you are alive and still love me? For more than a year I believed you dead; and I have been ill, as you have been; but my voyage and my joy have brought back health. Daniel has told me all you have done and suffered. Oh, my dearest, I thought once it was not possible to love you better than I did in the old days, but I know now that I love you ten times more than I did then! Dearest, farewell! I hasten to seize the only chance I have to send you this. We sail immediately—I hear the orders given. Daniel's slight illness greatly perplexes and puts in fear——"

Here the letter broke off, and Harold, clutching it tightly, as though some strange hand would tear it from him, gazed upwards and around him with the bewildered angry grief of a man who feels his last opportunity of action is gone.

Why had he not insisted on boarding the ship? Why had he not forced the English Consul to free Estrild from the clutches of these villains who held her prisoner? What scoured bewilderment had come over him that, blinded to the truth of her presence, he had not acted while there was yet time?

And why was she on board the Venture? Surely some devilry was going on of which she was the victim, and which she either could not understand or dared not explain!

And now he began to consider what he could do to save her.

The fastest boat he could hire would have no chance of overtaking the great ship speeding on with all sails set.

And, if he followed her to the Cape, as reason and impatience urged him to do, how was he to find a vessel in which to take his passage?

"At what hour did the ship sail?"

Harold asked the question in a voice so filled with pain and with eyes so lighted with wrath and anguish that the little yellow man glared at him in amazement.

The exact hour? Well, it might be four o'clock—yes, three hours ago—or more; and she was gone to the Cape.

Harold returned to his hotel without asking another question. He was like a man dazed, lost in a bewildering wood without path, and seeking with bursting heart for some clue in the darkness.

There was too a surging rage within him that would have burst into fury could he have met with an object on which to wreak it; but he could only fall foul of himself, and, when he had exhausted every epithet on what he deemed his folly in not boarding the Venture by storm, when he had twisted through every avenue of thought, there still remained the wide blank sea, on whose heaving unanswering waste Estrild had been borne away he knew not whither, there still remained his own ship riding at anchor, and there still stretched before him, like two lines of road leading to unknown ends, the alternative courses which he balanced and re-balanced in his doubting mind.

Should he wait here for the next ship bound for the Cape, or should he obey Estrild's command and pursue his voyage to England?

He read and re-read the letter again and again before he came to a decision and could prevail on himself to renounce his longing desire to follow her.

At last came the one clear thought that she had written with a truer perception of her own position than he could possibly have, and that he would do rightly in obeying her wish, though it might look to him like abandoning her to her fate.

Yet it was danger in England she evidently feared, not danger in the ship; and he was fain to confess that to go to the Cape would be steering in the dark without a compass, whereas her letter pointed to a place of meeting, saying plainly, "Come to me at Langarth, and save me from some danger I dread."

What if he should go to the Cape and find the ship had never touched there, and then, when he was far away, the conviction should fall on him that she had, in fact, sailed for England, and Estrild was in some deadly peril from which he was powerless now to rescue her? How would he bear his self-reproach for not having believed and obeyed her?

This thought decided him. He had the comfort of knowing that Daniel, who was a tower of strength, was with her; and so answered Estrild's passionate prayer by going on board his own ship; and the next day found him at sea on his way to England.

CHAPTER XLI.

ON seeing Daniel, Estrild had retained her self-possession. Except for a slight paleness which touched her face after its first flush, no outward sign betrayed her recognition of a defender and a friend; but an intense joy filled her heart, a sense of safety calmed every nerve, and she felt now that she had courage for any emergency.

The deepest spring of her joy, as she knew, lay in her belief that Harold lived; and this fact she was constantly whispering to herself, till her eyes shone like stars in the brightness of her hope.

She had an intense faith in the powers of her sorrowful cousin, so that the doubt expressed in his letter became to her a reality. She dwelt but seldom on the confession of his love; it seemed to her to live only in the regions of his fancy. She was far from guessing that it was the sole great reality of his imaginative being; still less could she divine that death had come to him through this very love, of which she thought so little.

In her new-found tranquility and happiness, Estrild could wait patiently for the opportunity, which she knew would come, of speech with Daniel.

When this time came, and she heard the history he had to relate, it was well for her that her heart was prepared for it, or her joy might have been too overwhelming.

But there was much to temper it—anxiety at Harold's present peril in the midst of war, the recollection of her own dreary grief, which had led her into the fatal mistake of yielding to Mr. Vicat's plans and offering her life to save Gilbert's, her own present danger and Carrie's, in a ship commanded by a felon—all this was sufficient to save her mind from being overbalanced by the intense joy that would fain have lifted her with airy wings above all thought of trouble.

Again and again she had little snatches of talk with Daniel, which were to her like drinking an elixir of life; and her cheeks glowed with health, her step grew firm, her young, and hitherto fragile, frame gained in vital force and took a nobler form of beauty.

And yet, sometimes she could listen to Daniel only with tears—for had he not to tell of Harold's sickness, sufferings, and danger? Then, too, she heard, with a touch of fear, a little shrinking of awe, the tale of Trevel's death and last words, so strangely corroborating the vision seen in the crystal, the whisper breathed in the mysterious air, Gilbert had gathered from the far winds.

"And you think that man Trevel killed Tristram?" she said, her eyes growing large with many thoughts.

"I am sure he did," Daniel answered; "but there lies a mystery behind the dead which no hand will ever unveil."

She was silent a moment, her heart heavy with the fate of her race.

"And this Captain Sinclair and his wife are the very man and the very woman you and Harold met in that dreadful place?"

"The very same, my dear. I knew them again the very instant I set eyes on them. And they are as fit for the demon's work as Judas was."

Estrild grew a little pale, and Carrie, lying on the deck at her feet, looked up with frightened face.

"My father could never have meant harm to his son," she said, drooping her head as she spoke.

"But his son isn't here," interjected Daniel. "And he didn't know his daughter would be. You are a brave girl, my dear; and I'll save this ship as much for your sake as Miss Estrild's and the good girl that brought me here."

"Tell her that story," said Carrie, "She doesn't know Mary Armstrong."

"Well, my dear, when Mr. Oliver left me at the Cape, I looked about for a ship going home, and I found one—and an old tub she was. She wrecked me and threw me up on an island like Jonah's whale. No need to tell my adventures there, only it was three months before a ship put in for water and took me and others with me to Rio. There I fell ill of fever—and there's a touch of it in my veins now—as it happened that a year and more passed away before I got upon English ground again. I came to the port of London, poor and whilst as a wrecked mariner, and once more I looked round for a ship, this time to take me home to Cornwall. Down among the docks I heard of the Venture; but folks said the Captain was a skulk and the mate was a drunkard—which he is—so I gave her up. But one day; when I was standing looking at her—for she is as handsome as a picture—I heard a voice at my elbow saying, 'Are you going to pilot that ship down Channel, Captain?' 'No, thank you, dearie,' I said, looking down on her, thinking she was a child. 'The captain and crew don't suit me.' Well, upon this she fixed me with her great earnest eye, which look as if they had stars always shining in them, and I saw she was a woman, for all her tiny stature; and I raised my hat a bit, and I said, 'Beg pardon, miss.' 'No offence,' she answered; 'but if

you would offer your services to the Captain of that ship you would be well repaid for it. Stop—I don't mean with money, but by saving human lives!' I thought that queer, so I looked hard in her face, and saw truth in every line, and I saw too there was far more behind her words than she herself could tell me. I felt as if her two hands were on my heart gripping it, and her eyes seemed to have rays in them drawing my soul to do her bidding. 'I've saved a life or two in my time—that's a sailor's work,' I said to her; 'and if there's any life aboard the Venture dear to you ——' 'There is!' she cried. 'Well, I'll pilot her as far as Falmouth, and look after your friend, miss, if you'll tell me his name.' 'And I hope it isn't the name of that handsome drunken mate,' I thought to myself. 'It is a lady,' she said, 'and her name is Carbonellis.' I felt my heart give a jump as I said, 'Carbonellis of Langarth?' 'The same,' she answered. 'Then, if the Captain will take me, I'll be on that ship's books to-morrow. I know the young lady now; I'm a Langarth man—my name is Daniel Pascoe.' 'Thank God!' she said quite low. 'Now I can tell Mr. Irrian she is safe.' 'Who did you say, miss?' I asked; and I felt very curious like, for that was the name Trevel had on his lips when raving. But she only answered he was a friend of hers—one who was sorry 'or Miss Carbonellis, and would spend all his substance to help her, because he knew of her grief. 'I am but his agent,' she said—'I am only doing his bidding; but I do it from my heart.' Well, miss, to make a long story short, she told me all that she and this friend of hers suspected and feared, and how they knew the ship was insured far above her value and that Mr. Vicat was nearly bankrupt—there, I'm glad Miss Carrie has moved away!—and perhaps desperate enough for any deed, and how it was your money that was being spent on this craft, and you were to sail in her, with his son—as he said—in the hope of saving his life, for he was sickly and dying. Then in telling this the young lady grew hot and angry, and declared your mind, weakened by grief, had been worked upon in ways she could not describe, and she and Mr. Irrian were resolved to save you. I wanted much to ask who this gentleman was and why he had you in his thoughts; but she had a way with her which held me back from questions. Then we planned together what to do, and we hit at last upon a plan that I mean to carry out. No, I can't tell it to you, miss—time must do that. Now it was odd that in all my talk with Miss Mary Mr. Oliver's name was never mentioned. You see, miss, it never came into my mind that all your letters had been stolen or lost, and you believed him dead. Having never heard the story of the inquest, I couldn't think such a thing. I took it for granted like you knew he was in India, and so said nothing about it. But I thought of him all the more, and was determined no harm should befall his sweetheart if my poor hands could save her from it. So here I am, miss; and when that young lady and I parted we shook hands like friends. And—oh, yes; she did say then one word about Mr. Oliver! As she was wringing my hand hard, she said, 'I don't forget who tried so bravely to save my father's life—I don't forget what happened on board the Alert;' and then I fancied she grew very pale, and her eyes shrank away from mine to hide the pain she wouldn't speak."

This was Daniel's story, and Estrild pondered it, wondering much why Mr. Irrian should feel an interest in her fate so deep that he should interfere to protect her life.

It could not be because of that sad time of sickness of Salisbury, when Mary came and soothed her and himself back to health by her wonder-working music.

Some slight sympathy he might feel, knowing her story, but surely such sympathy in a stranger would soon pass away unless some other link bound her to his memory!

Could it be through the crime of the man Trevel that Mr. Irrian had become her defender?

It seemed impossible, and yet possible, because Mary Armstrong was his friend, and the blood on the stained deck of the Alert haunted them both, and Trevel had cried out upon his name even in the throes of death.

But Estrild shrank from dwelling on this theme; it touched too much upon the old mystery which had blighted her life.

Captain Sinclair knew nothing of seamanship, and, though his furtive watchful eyes peered at all things as though he saw a foe in every shadow, yet he dared not interfere with the working of the ship. This was left to Daniel as pilot, while the mate was the real commander.

On these two men Mrs. Sinclair's light eyes of fire often rested questioningly, as if balancing in her mind whether to trust the young man or the elder.

Secretly she was a pitiful coward for herself, and she loved her life dearly. They had been three days at sea when she sounded Daniel.

"Well, pilot, we can't put in at Portsmouth—so my husband says."

"As the Cap'en pleases, ma'am," said Daniel, leaning on the binnacle. "Then I'll alter her course a bit. To run for Falmouth would suit me better."

"Yes?" said the woman, thrusting her light hair back from her face, for the wind was blowing her lint locks across her eyes. "Would you mind a longer cruise supposing Falmouth don't suit us either?"

"How far," said Daniel, "and what pay?"

The woman laughed, and looked him in the face curiously.

"We have an heiress on board," she said. "She ought to pay well for safety, unless some one else pays better."

Then she laughed again, and flung her flying locks back with her strong hand impatiently.

"See here—I am paymaster, and I'll pay you handsomely. I have no fancy to cross the Bay of Biscay without you. My husband is but a land lubber, if truth's told, and the mate, though a good sailor——"

"Doesn't always carry ballast," interjected Daniel.

"That's so," returned the woman. "Sober, he can sail the ship; drunk, he might wreck her when—he wasn't wanted to;" and again the glance of fire from her eyes swept over Daniel's face, and she laughed that light laugh of hers which was as suggestive of all evil things as the rattle of the rattlesnake beneath brown leaves.

Daniel did not answer till he had given an order to the man at the wheel; then he said carelessly—

"Make it worth my while, and I'll put the ship in any port you like, or no port if that suits you better."

What a laugh it was that answered him! And now she let her slim locks fly over her face, and peered at him from between their snaky lengths.

"There's no doubt I can make it worth your while—well worth it. Our long boat is a good one, extra strong. What do you think about her standing a rough sea?"

"She'd stand any sea in reason," said Daniel. "And there are seas," he added, looking at her quietly, "that are mostly reasonable—not given to storms like the Atlantic, which is a sea I'd sooner be on in a ship than a boat."

She stood silent a moment, as if thinking over her words.

"That would make it a pretty long cruise," she said at length.

"I reckon it would, but in such company it couldn't but be pleasant, leave alone its being safe."

Daniel made his compliment in rather an elephantine way; but it pleased her, for her vanity was her weak point.

"Well, I like to be safe," she answered, with her little pointed laugh; "but I don't know where the pleasant company is. You are fond of talking to that idiot Hyde?"

Carrie, from the moment of her stepping on board, had put on a dense and stupid aspect, and Mrs. Sinclair, not considering that it takes a wise person to play the fool, had been completely and satisfactorily deceived by it.

She did not wish to have a sharp woman as stewardess.

"Well, one can't always be talking to you," said Daniel; "the Cap'en has got a jealous eye in his head."

"And always for the wrong man," laughed the Captain's wife.

Then she bit her lip slightly, as if vexed with herself; and Daniel made a mental note of the action.

"You seem to like a talk with the heiress now and then," she said tentatively; and, narrowing her eyes to mere lines of fire, she fixed a sharp look at him.

"She's uncommon fond of sea-yarns," said Daniel; "and an old shell-back like me can spin 'em out to any length. And, you see, we sailors has a sort o' pride in storms and wrecks we've pulled through; we like to tell of 'em."

"Ah, you're a bit vain, I suppose!" said Mrs. Sinclair. "But, mind you, the heiress's money is all tied up and given away; she can't finger a penny beyond what she've got with her; and that isn't much."

With this piece of warning information, and with finger just touching her lip for silence, the Captain's wife closed the conversation.

"Now that's a woman who thinks every man a scoundrel, ready to sell his soul for money," said Daniel to himself, as he looked after her little figure. "To keep up that thought in her will be the hardest part I have to play."

CHAPTER XLII.

"THAT idiot Hyde is in hysterics!" exclaimed Mrs. Sinclair, entering Estrild's cabin abruptly. "I wish you would come to her and try to quiet her. My husband hates a screaming woman; it reminds him of his first wife."

Estrild found Carrie kneeling on the floor of the saloon, beating her hands together in alternate shrieks of laughter and of terror.

"Oh, I shall die of it—I shall die of it!" she kept crying out. "And I always said I wasn't romantic. I hate romantic things. I ain't fit to be a heroine—not a bit! And I won't be turned into a heroine!"

Here came another shriek of laughter, which rang out piercingly, then ceased, only to begin again.

"Did you ever see such a dunce?" asked the Captain's wife.

"I think you had better leave her alone with me," said Estrild. "I believe I can quiet her."

"Oh, I am quite willing to leave her to you! Only do quiet her quickly. Screams from a woman have such an effect upon the Captain; they turn his brain nearly, and make him furious."

She walked away with a curl of contempt on her lip; and, as soon as she was gone, Carrie threw her arms round Estrild and burst into sobs.

These were better than laughter; and she gradually grew calm enough to speak.

"Now tell me what has happened. Who has frightened you?" asked Estrild.

This question brought on another threat of frantic laughter; but Carrie checked it bravely.

"My dear," she said, with little bursts, "it was Tom."

"Tom? My dear Carrie, you are dreaming!"

"No, no; I am in my senses. To think of anything so romantic happening to a plain girl like me! Oh, it's too ridiculous! Tom making himself a stowaway, and getting black as a nigger with dirt, and as lean as a skeleton with starvation, just to be in the same boat with me, and drown with me, if I am to be drowned! Oh, dear! I am not worth his thumb nail, much less his whole body, which is nearly turned into a bag of bones now for my sake. What shall I do? What with laughing at it and crying at it I am nearly dead."

"We must tell Daniel of it," said Estrild, "and ask his advice."

"Yes, yes; but Tom must have victuals. He has been starving on a few biscuits ever since he hid away, a week ago. I was down below in the store-room when he came to me and nearly scared me to death with the first sound of his voice. But I talking to him quietly enough, and filling his pockets with biscuits, when we heard her step coming. He had just time to escape; and then I screamed 'Rats!' with all my might, and rushed up here, she following me angry as a fiend. And—and, to own the truth, when I once began to scream, I couldn't stop. You know I am not romantic; and I can't behave a bit like a heroine. And Tom appearing to me suddenly, like the ghost in a play, had upset my poor wits."

"You must keep your senses clear now, Carrie, for Tom's sake."

"Well, so I will;" and, wiping her tears, Carrie, with a burst or two of laughter, subsided into quietude.

On being told of Tom's presence, Daniel's face brightened.

"That's another good man and true to add to the two I brought with me and the one I have gained over since. We shall do now. And, if I am laid low with fever, I shall feel there is some one to take my place."

"Oh, Daniel, there is no one can take your place!"—and tears sprang to Estrild's eyes as she spoke. The thought that Daniel might be struck down by illness appalled her.

Down the breezy choppy seas of the Channel and across the stormy Bay of Biscay Daniel piloted the ship, and on into warmer smoother waters, where the heat touched his veins with returning fever, and he had to lie down in weakness, and give up his place to the mate.

This man was young and handsome; and, but for his propensity to drink, he would have been a smart officer.

Drink had ruined him and lowered him into a reckless dare-devil, eager for any excitement that drowned memory.

He was of good birth, and had been placed in the East-India Service when a lad, but had lost his ship and his commission through drunkenness.

Disgraced, and at length discarded by his family, whom he had worried and impoverished, borrowing of one and forging the name of another, he sank at last—a lost man—into the den of outcasts over whom Mrs. Sinclair reigned as queen.

He was ripe and ready for the evil she proposed when Mr. Vicat offered to make her husband captain of the Venture.

Without the aid of a smart officer capable of navigating the ship, she knew he could not accept the post offered to him; so she spared no pains to induce this young fellow to follow her fortunes.

At the inquest on the man found in the Thames (whom Mr. Vicat had declared to be Harold Oliver), Estrild's guardian had been brought into contact in his secret inquiries with her and the creatures she hid from justice; and he bore them in his mind as people who could be useful to him if needful.

Thus, when his schemes were matured, he found ready to his hand the instruments by which to work them.

Until Daniel's illness kept him in his hammock, Estrild scarcely spoke to the young mate; but now, when she came on deck, she felt obliged to address a few words to him at times, lest the difference between her demeanor to him and to Daniel should be too noticeable.

He quickly took advantage of this to pay her some unwelcome attentions, which she might scarcely have heeded but for the ire and hatred against her which they roused in the Captain's wife.

The woman began now to persecute her, to limit her walks on deck, to lock the door of the saloon to prevent her egress, and to force her into the dreariness of solitude by detaining Carrie at her own side.

But both girls thought it wise to ignore many of her slights and insults, lest they should injure their defenders and hurry onward some catastrophe for which they were not prepared.

It was while things were in this strained state that the Venture touched at Madeira; and Estrild, gazing as a prisoner from her cabin window, saw for a single instant Harold's face.

She uttered no cry, she held in her very breath lest it should betray her joy and wonder and hope, and yet Mrs. Sinclair's fears and suspicions were sharply aroused. For, though no whisper had fallen from Estrild's lips, yet her whole aspect was changed; for love transforms and glorifies, and her face shone with the radiance his passing touch had left.

So Mrs. Sinclair, after one glance thrown upon the sea, drew the curtain across the window, and seated herself so near it that Estrild could not reach it again without thrusting her aside.

Retaining her self-possession and calmness, in spite of the hot turmoil of her heart, she remained so passive that the woman's suspicions were gradually dulled, and at most her only fear was that Estrild had formed a resolve to appeal to the coming stranger for help.

It was impossible for her to guess who this stranger was; nor in her passing glance did she recognise in his bronzed visage the face of the man who had bribed her to let Trevel depart.

In her life she was too used to scenes of violence to bear this one vividly in her memory. It was one fight among many—that was all.

Estrild soon recognized the impossibility of gaining speech with Harold; and the hope of rescue by his hands died within her even as it rose.

There is no prison so secure as a ship; it has double walls, and its outer one—the sea—is stronger than a breastwork of iron.

No soul was allowed to go on shore, no boat was unslung, and a strict watch was kept on all while the Venture stood off the fair isle of Madeira.

Only the fruit-seller came on board, and Estrild, by a rare chance escaping for a moment from her gaolers, sent her letter to Harold through his hand. In seeing him, in remembering how they had last parted, the scene of Tristram's death rose up vividly before her, and the old dread seized upon her with a cold clutch. Impelled, she knew not why, by a shivering terror of death, she implored him to meet her at Langarth; for some strange whisper in her soul seemed to tell her that only through him could her life be saved.

That she would go to Langarth she felt certain, for she had firm faith in Daniel; and she knew that through his strong hand and brave spirit she would be rescued from the peril now besetting her.

The ship lay becalmed in a hot sea; not a breath of wind touched her listless sails, not a drop of rain fell; yet an unwholesome dampness was on all things, a dense mist stood all around—impenetrable, warm as a steaming vapor, and deadly as the miasma of a marsh in which snakes love to lie.

The Captain's wife lay on the deck, fainting with the heat, and angry as a wounded viper, for the handsome mate was standing by Estrild's side, talking to her eagerly. The woman listened, and overheard a word or two that fell into her ear like poison.

"You would like to sail away from this close heat? Well, say the word I have asked you for, and when the wind comes I will take this ship where you please."

Estrild did not answer; she turned her face away from the man's fierce amorous gaze, and started aside when she felt the sudden grasp of Mrs. Sinclair's strong hand on her arm.

"Go below!" she cried furiously. "I will not have you here on deck, interrupting an officer of this ship in his duties!"

"Do not touch me!" Estrild answered, feeling she had grown white to the lips and could say no more.

"Unhand the young lady!" said the mate in a voice of cool command with eyes fixed on her with an expression that showed he knew his power.

She obeyed him instantly, with a laugh ghastly to hear.

"She's too good to be touched, I suppose?" she said viciously.

"Yes, certainly—by you."

"Look here, Mr. Percy," said the woman, containing her rage no longer—"you are mate of the Venture, but my husband is the Captain; and you will take the ship where he orders you."

"Perhaps he'll be good enough to work the ship also," rejoined the handsome Mr. Percy insolently—scamps always choose an alias that is a good name. "I expect a squall to break over us before sunset; maybe you'll tell Captain Sinclair to leave his bottle and come on deck and give orders to prepare for it. I am going below."

He followed Estrild to the saloon, and stood a moment irresolute, gnawing his fingers, his face dark with the passions raging within him.

Then he came opposite to her, and, resting his hands on the table by which she sat, he strove to look into her eyes.

"You don't mind what that woman says I hope? You know I don't care for her—you know I love you; she has no right even to intrude into your presence. Say you know I love you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STYLES OF EATING.—If you should travel round the world you would learn to eat your dinners in many different ways. In Turkey you would sit on the floor, cross-legged, and eat off a round tray, without knives or forks, plates, glasses, or napkins. All the guests eat with their fingers out of the same dish. If you dined with the Arabs, you would see no knives or forks. If your host offered you a choice bit of meat you would be expected to open your mouth and let him put it in. The Arabs only use their right hand in eating, and, what is still more odd, they will pull apart or carve turkeys or fowls with only one hand, and without a knife. If it is hard to separate, one of the guests will lend his right hand. In Japan candy and sweet dishes are served often, and what the guests cannot eat they are expected to take home with them. At grand feasts the guests are expected to bring servants with baskets to take home the leavings. On ordinary occasions the mother brings out a little table, two feet square and one foot high, with dishes and food upon it. The family sit upon mats, the tub of rice is in the centre, and each one dips in a bowl rice enough for himself.

A RIVER DREAM.

BY HAROLD R. BOULTON.

The blue, blue sky above,
  The blue, blue water under,
Two eyes more blue, and a heart that's true,
And a boat to bear me with my love
  To lands of light and wonder.

The sunny fields around,
  The river rippling by us,
A smile more bright than noonday light,
Our brows with meadow garlands crowned,
  And never a care to try us.

A drifting with the tide,
  A wind that whispers greeting,
An isle of rest in the fabled west,
With only waves on the shore beside
  And two hearts fondly beating.

Dorothy Ennerdale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORLSTONE SCANDAL," "HIS FRIEND AND ENEMY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IN a flash Dorothy's thoughts had flown back to yesterday, and the audacious stranger who had accosted her in the park.

Before however she had time to speak the door opened again, and old Simon stood there looking exceedingly puzzled and uncomfortable.

"If you please, sir," he began hesitatingly, "the gentleman says he's surprised you don't expect him, and he says, sir, that"—he paused here — "his name is Ennerdale."

Dorothy uttered a sharp exclamation of incredulity, and at the sound Mrs. Escott sat up and looked about her sleepily. Frank's face expressed nothing but utter amazement.

"Ennerdale!" he repeated. "There are no Ennerdales who would be strangers here, and whom I do not know. It must be a mistake, Simon."

"Mistake? Not a bit of it!" said a hearty voice from behind the old butler, whilst a strong hand put him aside, and there entered the same tall, bearded man who yesterday had given Dorothy such dire offence. "What mistake can there be?"

He took Frank's unoffered hand and grasped it warmly.

"How are you, my dear boy? By Jove, I should have known you anywhere! You are the image of what I can remember of my father—more like him than I am, I believe."

Turning to Dorothy, he bowed to her, a smile rippling all over his bronzed face. "And so you weren't expecting me just yet—eh, Frank?" he asked.

"Certainly not."

Frank's amazement had held him dumb so far, and even now he could hardly reply.

The blank look on his face seemed to attract the other's attention. He paused, with a pained frown.

"You were looking out for me, weren't you?" he interrogated.

"Decidedly not. I am entirely at a loss to understand you. I know of no reason why I should look for you."

"The mischief!" muttered the other, his eager face assuming a more and more pained expression. "I'm bound to put my foot in it with you too, it seems. Didn't you get Crisp's letters?"

"I have received no letters from my lawyer. Were they connected with your business with me?"

"Of course they were. He had the whole story from beginning to end. It was his own idea that he should write first, and then we agreed that he should meet me here to-day, so that we could settle matters—you and I. Then you really don't know anything about me?"

"Nothing whatever. You sent in your name as Ennerdale."

Frank's face paled a little as he spoke, and Dorothy started forward a step, her heart beating with sudden quickness.

"What is your claim to it? I know of no Ennerdales."

"My claim to it! Now to think that, after all the pains I have taken to avoid it, I must come bursting upon them both in this style!" the man muttered in a rueful tone, with a troubled glance at Dorothy's pale face. "Why, my claim to the name is much the same as yours, I suppose! It was your father's, and it was my father's too. What else should it be?"

"Who are you?" Frank asked sharply, as if a most unwelcome light had suddenly dawned upon him.

"Who am I?" said the other, as if the question puzzled him. "Oh, I forgot you didn't know that either. Who am I? Why, your cousin, Richard Ennerdale, your father's brother's son."

For a few moments silence reigned. As the stranger announced himself as Richard Ennerdale, Mrs. Escott uttered a shrill exclamation of disbelief.

Dorothy ran to her, and put one arm round her, and, standing so, gave the intruder a most indignantly scornful stare. Frank looked blankly astonished and incredulous, while the cause of the uncomfortable tableau seemed disconcerted and ashamed of himself, glancing ruefully from one to the other of the three faces.

At this moment the door opened again, and old Simon announced—

"Mr. Crisp!"

The gentleman who entered was middle-aged and dressed in black, with a trace of powder on his iron-gray hair.

For an instant he looked round him with a puzzled stare, and then, with a bow, held out his hand to the stranger.

"I hardly expected to see you here before me, sir."

"And I wish to Heaven you hadn't!" burst out the other, seeming to recover his power of speech all at once. "Look here, Crisp—we have made a fine muddle of things somehow! Frank, here—my cousin—hasn't received one of your letters, and didn't know anything about me. I don't know how on earth we've managed it! I came here expecting that he would have got over the first shock, and been ready to give me a friendly hand-shake; instead of that, I find he doesn't so much as know of my existence, and I've nearly scared them all into fits in announcing myself."

Here the speaker paused, and looked across at Dorothy, more ruefully than ever.

The lawyer turned to Frank.

"Have you really not received any letters from me, Mr. Ennerdale?"

"Not one. I have been away in Cornwall until this evening. I have heard to-night that some letters from you came to me; but they were sent on, and did not reach me before I left the place," Frank returned rapidly. "This gentleman, Mr. Crisp, tell me you are acquainted with his business and were to meet him here. Is that so?"

The lawyer bowed an answer to the question.

"He claims," Frank went on almost without a pause, "to be connected with me—to be my cousin, Richard Ennerdale. Is that so?"

Again the lawyer bowed; but he looked uneasy.

"Undoubtedly it is the fact, sir. Beyond all question, this gentleman is your cousin, Richard Ennerdale."

* * * * * *

Frank's face was very gloomy, Richard's pained, as they stood silently regarding each other.

Mr. Crisp sat at the table, turning over some papers, and now and then glancing up at the two faces which so strongly resembled one another.

Had he not held in his hand the incontestable proofs of Richard Ennerdale's identity, that likeness would have been morally sufficient to establish his claim to his name, he thought.

But the proofs which had satisfied the shrewd man of law were too plain to be either doubtful or disputed, and, however unwillingly and reluctantly, they had convinced the deposed heir of Mount Ennerdale, although only a few minutes had elapsed since Dorothy, in response to a whisper from the lawyer, had left the room with the bewildered Mrs. Escott.

He broke the silence, raising his eyes with the most troubled look that had ever clouded them.

"I don't dispute," he said, "your right to your name and your right to stand where I have stood. I am satisfied—it is impossible to be otherwise—from the proofs you have produced that you are what you claim to be; but why until now have I been kept in ignorance of it, unconscious of your very existence!"

"For Heaven's sake, my dear boy," cried the other, looking intensely relieved, and speaking in the full hearty tones that seemed natural to him as he laid one hand on the younger man's shoulder, "don't think for an instant that I have come here to dispossess and turn you out. I haven't, upon my honor. Unless I had thought that you and I could come to a friendly and brotherly understanding as the sons of two brothers ought, I wouldn't have come to England at all. If I did not hope so now, I verily believe that I should take myself off again, I do indeed. Come, shake hands to our future friendly understanding of this business, and of each other, won't you?"

He held out his hand; Frank, yielding to the earnest tones and to his own natural frank kindliness, gave it a grasp that was hearty enough.

Richard Ennerdale drew a very deep breath, and pushed the hair from his forehead.

"That's better! Now we are beginning to get on a little, I think I can manage to state things pretty clearly. You want to know, Frank, why I have not let you know I was living, or had ever lived, for that matter. Until a little more than a year ago, when your father died, I was pledged to hold my tongue."

"Why?" asked Frank in surprise. "To whom?"

"To my own dead father," replied Richard very soberly. "Look here—this is how it was. I have known ever since I was a little fellow that my father was the heir to the Mount Ennerdale estate, and that at his death it would be mine. He told me that pretty nearly as soon as I could understand it; but he told me too how it was that he was—well, cast off, as it were. I never heard him blame any one but himself for that however. He took the fault upon himself, and it was because of that he meant to hold his tongue while both his father and his brother lived, and to make me hold mine. 'I've been a bad son, I suppose, Dick,' he said—'at any rate, it wouldn't give my father—dear old man!—any pleasure to see me again, or to know I was in the land of the living after all these years. My brother, who has never given him the least trouble, will step into the property one of these days, and he deserves to enjoy it, and must. He must never know that he is standing in my place; but, when he is gone, my boy—I shall be gone before him, most likely—then you and his son must share the property between you. It is your rightful inheritance, and I should like to know that you will be master of the dear old place. But just give me a promise that while your uncle lives, you'll not lay claim to it.' I gave it, and kept it, of course," added Richard simply. "That's how it was, Frank."

"How long ago is it since your father died? Lately?" asked Frank, after a pause.

"Lately? No;" and Richard shook his head. "It is fourteen years ago. I was eighteen then; I am two-and-thirty now."

"And since then?" queried Frank.

"Since then? Oh, I've knocked about a good deal! It has been rather rough, taken altogether; up in the clouds one day and down in the mud the next. Fortune gives some queer kicks at the Cape, Frank. Farmer, cattle-driver, diamond-digger, storekeeper, clerk, carpenter—I've been all those in the past fourteen years, and a good many more things into the bargain; sometimes with money in my pocket and a good horse to ride, and quite as often without a cent or knowing where to get one. I've had a pretty varied experience of life, take it all through."

"And living a life like that, when you could any day have claimed a place like this!" exclaimed Frank.

"Why, of course"—and the other opened his eyes widely—"a promise is a promise all the world over; but a word pledged to a dead father is something more. Besides, independently of that it seemed to me the right thing to do."

Young Ennerdale looked at his cousin's tall broad figure and grave, bronzed, heavily-bearded face with half-reluctant admiration. This was just a little beyond him.

"But it is more than a year since my father died," he said slowly. "Why have you delayed all this time?"

"Why, now, what do you take—take me for?"

Richard's tone was one out of surprised remonstrance.

"Do you suppose I could come down upon you at a time like that? After losing my own father too! Not a bit of it. I thought to myself that I'd wait a while—say, about a year—until you had got over your trouble a little, and that then I'd come here, as I have done—I only arrived in England ten days ago—and that we would arrange matters satisfactorily between us, as I hope we are going to do. Do you see?"

Frank nodded, and then grasped the other's hand heartily.

"I am sincerely glad that we can be friends!"

One of Richard Ennerdale's peculiarly bright smiles rippled over his dark face, and the shade of pain upon it quickly vanished.

"Ever since I set foot in England, a good friendly hand-shake with one of my kinsfolk is what I've been longing for, and yours is the first I've had. Call me 'Dick,' though, will you? My father always did, and I am more used to it. Now for business!"

He drew a chair up to the table beside Mr. Crisp, who was regarding him with mingled curiosity and amusement, and motioned to Frank to do the same.

"Mr. Crisp will tell you," began Richard, after a short pause, "that, when I arrived in England, I went straight to him. I have always managed to keep myself pretty well posted as to the Ennerdale affairs, and so of course I knew of him as the family lawyer. It seemed to me that it would be best to prove my identity to him beyond all dispute before I came to you. Well, I did so, as you have seen—not without a good bit of trouble, though, for at first he wasn't much disposed to believe me, I fancy—and no wonder! Well, that done, we fell to considering how to let you know about me; and Mr. Crisp wrote a letter, which seemingly you didn't get, giving you the whole story. We arranged that in a couple of days he should write again, making an appointment for both of us to meet here, as we have done. In the meantime, I came down here to look about me, being curious to see the old place. Well, that's all explained so far. Now, as soon as Mr. Crisp believed that I was—well, myself, I mentioned to him what I intended to do with regard to the property. It is what seems to me right and fair, and what it has always been my fixed intention to do, if ever I were lucky enough to get here as I have done. To begin with, I don't believe in the law of entail—that the eldest son shall inherit all. It isn't just. Whatever children a man may have, his property should be equally divided among them—not a doubt of it. It is simple justice, according to my ideas. My father and yours ought to have shared the Mount Ennerdale estate; but, as we know, they did not. You and I, their two sons, both can and will. As things stand now, you are my heir; and that simplifies matters very much. We will make a fair division of the property, and Mr. Crisp shall tie me down to it as tightly as a legal document can do it. That's about all I have to say for the present, and I'm glad of it. I don't know when I talked so much before."

CHAPTER IV.

THE worst of the winter was over. Christmas was past; and now the late February winds were sweeping away the last lingering traces of snow from the park.

The new master of Mount Ennerdale had settled down very comfortably as a country Squire.

All the necessary formalities had been gone through, and the property was divided between the cousins, though not quite as Richard had at first wished.

Mr. Crisp—who regarded the new Squire as scarcely able to take care of himself in monetary matters—had been at pains to point out to him that to make a strict division would not be fair to himself, since to properly keep up the Mount Ennerdale estate, and improve it as he wished, would require a larger annual sum than it was his intention to retain.

Thus influenced, Richard unwillingly yielded. Hence, though Frank had a handsome income still, it was smaller than his cousin had intended it to be.

The house in London was also Frank's Richard having emphatically declared that the London smoke would choke him in a week.

The two were excellent friends, despite the many radical differences in their characters; perhaps those very differences only tended to bring them nearer together. Richard Ennerdale's geniality and the touch of quaint from the unconventional life he had led, won the liking and good will of all with whom he came into contact. He was more popular than Frank had ever been.

His frank kindliness had won the heart of everybody on the estate.

Perhaps sound roofs in the place of leaky ones and good fences instead of dilapidated ones had contributed to bring about this happy state of affairs.

Even timid Mrs. Escott, though at first not a little disconcerted by the big bearded man whom she was suddenly called upon to accept as a nephew, had got over her tremors long before this, and gave him much the same kind of affection as she gave to Frank.

She had forgotten all about the burglar, and remembered only the kindly, reckless, headstrong brother Richard of her far-off young days.

Altogether, Richard Ennerdale might have congratulated himself upon getting on capitally with everybody, but for one exception—Dorothy.

Her dislike towards him had not abated in the least during the last three months; and she continued to treat him with a degree of stiffness and coldness which he could not make out at all.

Even his generous conduct to Frank had but incensed her the more. She had, indeed, been furiously angry about it, and taken the latter to task for accepting anything from the man who had dispossessed him, urging him passionately to earn his own living rather, even though it should be by stone-breaking, a course which philosophical Frank very firmly declined to pursue.

Even Richard's courtesy and kindness to herself had only served to annoy her. In short, Miss Dorothy, with true feminine inconsistency, seemed determined to intensify her dislike in proportion as he showed her less and less reason for it.

But in herself she was miserable. Her one desire was to get away from Mount Ennerdale and from the increasing obligations which each day forced her to owe to its master.

She said nothing of this—something held her tongue in check—a feeling she could hardly define to herself.

Could not Frank see how wretched she was? she wondered sadly. Surely he must! And, if he did see, how could he let her remain miserable, when he could prevent it if he chose?

How could he suffer her to live in that dependent position which so horribly galled and hated her?

Asking such questions and finding no answers was weary work; and so poor Dorothy grew to be impatient with Mrs. Escott, scarcely polite to Richard, and sometimes even cross to Frank.

Up and down the avenue leading to the house Dorothy and Frank were pacing side by side, as they had been doing for the past half-hour.

The girl's cheeks were neither so rosy nor so round as they had been three months ago, and there was a worried look in her brown eyes.

Frank looked just as cheerful and good-humored as he had been at any time in his life. When the first shock of his cousin's appearance was well over, he had not been sorry to get the responsibility and trouble which the mastership of Mount Ennerdale had entailed upon him taken off his hands, especially as he was still quite as well off as he cared to be.

He had been about, visiting one college friend and another a good deal in the past months, but had not yet really left his cousin's roof for good.

The house in London, which was his own property now, was let, and, until the tenant's lease expired, it was understood that his home was to be at Mount Ennerdale.

The letter he held in his hand now was from an old college friend, Ralph Waring, and it contained an invitation which he longed to accept.

Ralph and a couple of friends were going to hire a yacht, and spend the next three or four months cruising in the Mediterranean. They wanted a fourth man to share both the expense and the pleasure; and Ralph wrote, urging Frank to be that one.

Walking up and down with the sharp February wind blowing in their faces, Dorothy and he were discussing the letter.

"I must say I should like to go awfully," said Frank.

"You have been away a good deal lately," responded the girl slowly.

"Yes, dear, I know; but those were mere prosy every-day visits, you see, while this would be such an out-and-out jolly affair.

Such a chance may not come in my way again. I know both the men Ralph has with him, and they are very nice fellows indeed. We should have a fine time of it."

"Have you told Mr. Ennerdale?" Dorothy asked.

She never used a more familiar title when speaking of the obnoxious Squire.

"Dick? Oh, yes! He didn't express any opinion, though. In fact, dear, what you think of it is what I want to know. You see, it's not as if things were as they used to be. There's nothing to keep me at home now."

"Nothing to keep you?" she repeated, in the same low tone. "No! Then, since you wish it so much, I think you had better go, Frank."

"There's a dear little girl! I knew you would say so."

He took the gloved hand that lay on his arm and gave it an affectionate squeeze. "You know, Dorothy dear, if I thought you wouldn't like it, nothing should induce me to go. But I shall leave you happy and safe here with aunt Janet and dear old Dick to look after you; and four or five months will slip away before we know it."

"To which of us, I wonder?" thought the girl, with a dull pain at her heart; but aloud she only remarked—"Then you decide to go, Frank?"

"Yes, of course, dear. I shall drop a line to Ralph to-night."

"Of course," she echoed again. "And when will you leave?"

"Well, Ralph wants me, if I decide to go, to join him in London as soon as I possibly can. I shall try to run up to-morrow night. When we shall leave England I can't say; I don't suppose he knows himself. It will most likely be a month or more before we are fairly off. Well, that's settled. Shall we go in now, Dorothy? You look quite cold."

"I am cold," responded Dorothy, with a shiver—a shiver that the keen cold air had very little share in producing.

Frank wrote his letter to his friend that night, and the next day was, for him, a pleasant one, occupied as he was with the bustle of preparation.

The young fellow was too busy to notice Dorothy's pale cheeks; but other eyes watched the girl with a feeling of uneasiness and wonder.

"Don't you feel well, Dorothy?" Richard asked, when once in the morning it chanced that they were left alone for a few minutes.

"Perfectly, thank you," answered the girl coldly.

"You don't look so. You are very pale, child. I must send you off for a change somewhere."

"I am perfectly well, thank you, Mr. Ennerdale," Dorothy persisted, in a still colder tone; and then she walked away and carefully avoided him for the rest of the day.

Not until the dog-cart stood at the door, and Frank was ready to go, did he see her again, when they all came together in the hall to bid the traveler good-bye.

Then the pretty face was so pale, and the circles round the brown eyes so dark, that the Squire winced as he looked at her.

"The poor little soul is ill," he thought anxiously. He had no time to think more just then, for Frank, brimming over with good-humor and high spirits, was bidding Mrs Escott good-bye and gaily laughing at the doleful prognostications and warnings, relative to catching cold and getting drowned, with which the good lady's farewell words were interspersed.

Then Frank came up to Dorothy with just the slightest abatement of his gaiety.

"Good-bye, Dorothy dearest. I shall write to you by every mail I can catch and tell you all our adventures. So look out for my letters, and mind you write back and tell me all about yourself—won't you?"

He stooped and kissed her, hardly noticing that her cheek was cold or that she said not a word in reply beyond simply—

"Good-bye, Frank."

Then he turned to his cousin.

"Good-bye, old man! I'll drop you a line when I get a chance, and let me hear from you if you can find time to write. And take care of Dorothy, Dick."

"All right, my boy; I'll take care of her," Richard responded, returning his hearty hand-clasp.

And then, with one more glance at Dorothy, Frank ran down the steps, jumped into the dog-cart, and was driven away.

"I do hope the dear boy will come back safe," quavered Mrs. Escott nervously at Richard's elbow.

"Why, of course he will! Don't bother yourself about that, aunt Janet. Frank is just the sort of fellow to fall upon his feet wherever he goes—eh, Dorothy?"

He turned round as he spoke; but Dorothy had disappeared.

"Poor child! I believe she doesn't half like it!" he muttered to himself, with an odd feeling of pain. He had grown very fond of Dorothy, he told himself—she was such a dear pretty little thing, although she had such a temper, the little puss!

Could he have peeped just then into Dorothy's room, he would have felt more anxious still, for there the girl sat, weeping and sobbing passionately, in a fierce outburst in which all the pent-up pain of the last few months was finding vent.

But her tears did not last long, for a hurt resentful feeling took possession of her and helped to dry them.

Presently she sat up, wiping her eyes, and almost indignant with herself for her display of weakness. She began to pace up and down the room angrily.

"How could he go and leave me like this?" she muttered, a scarlet spot burning in her pale cheeks. "How could he do it? If he cares for me as he seems to, how can he help seeing that I am miserable, and how my life galls me? Why, I believe he sees it"—and this last pronoun was not applied to Frank—"and he pities me, I suppose! Oh, to live in his house—upon his charity! I can't bear it—I won't! And I hate him so, and he will not see it! I wish he had never come to England; I've been miserable ever since, and it is all through him! If he had not been here, Frank would not have gone away. I wish I were dead! I don't believe any one would care, and I'm sure I don't know why they should; I'm of no use to anybody, and ought to be in the workhouse by rights, I know!"

This doleful review of herself and her prospects very nearly brought the sobs back again; but she resolutely checked them.

"I am determined I won't stay here. I will go and earn my own living; I'll be a governess or something!"

Dorothy's ideas on the subject of earning a living were somewhat undefined, and she fell back inevitably upon the one poor resource.

"It can't be difficult to teach little children, though, to be sure, I always hated my lessons, and I never could do sums. Well, whether it is difficult or not, I'll do it; I must and will! I'll advertise for a situation, and I'll tell him so to-morrow!"

And then, finding by the looking-glass that her eyes were red and swollen and her general appearance very woe-begone, Dorothy decided to go to bed and seek refuge from her unhappy thoughts in blissful sleep.

* * * * * *

But, though Dorothy rose in the morning with her determination in no wise diminished, she found it by no means easy to obtain a private interview with her cousin.

All the morning he was employed—first in the library with his accounts, and then riding out on horseback to a distant part of the estate to inspect some improvements in progress there.

Then in the afternoon he was busy writing again, and Mrs. Escott, low-spirited over Frank's departure, insisted upon keeping Dorothy beside her. Not until a couple of hours after dinner did the girl find the chances she sought.

Mr. Ennerdale was in the library, whither he had gone to write a letter, and Mrs. Escott was, as usual, dozing gently over her knitting.

Dorothy knew that her present opportunity was as good a one as she could hope for; so to the library she went, looking desperately resolute, but conscious of an inward feeling of trepidation.

No reply came to her knock; so she softly pushed open the door and entered.

Richard stood by the fire, looking into it, his hands linked behind him, and vigorously puffing at a short pipe—an article the generally rakish and demoralized appearance of which always aroused the young lady's disgusted contempt, by-the-way.

He had not heard her entrance, and it was not until she was close to him that he turned.

"Why, Dorothy, is it you? How quiet you were! I didn't hear you come in."

"Can I speak to you, Mr. Ennerdale?" Dorothy asked. "I will not detain you many minutes."

"Speak to me? To be sure. Come and sit down by the fire; you look cold!"—and he wheeled forward a large arm-chair for her. "What is it, dear?"

"I want to tell you"—she laid her hand on the back of the chair, but did not sit down—"that I wish to leave Mount Ennerdale."

"Leave Mount Ennerdale? So you shall, if you like, of course. Where would you like to go?"

"I don't know; I haven't thought," the girl stammered.

She did not care for his opinion, of course; but she had not expected him to acquiesce in her project so readily.

"You haven't made up your mind yet?" he queried. "When do you want to go? Soon?"

"At once."

"I think, if I were you, I would wait a while, until the weather is more settled; but you certainly ought to go somewhere, child; you have been too pale by half lately—I've noticed it. Talk it over with aunt Janet, and, when you have made up your mind, I will escort you both to wherever you decide upon."

He stopped, with a short laugh, then added—

"First Frank goes flying off, and now you two ladies are going to take wing. I shall be alone in my glory before long."

"Not at all."

He was purposely misunderstanding her, she thought angrily.

"I am going away; but it does not affect aunt Janet. She will remain here."

"Remain here?" Richard echoed. "My dear girl, you can't go off to the seaside by yourself; it is impossible; I could not allow you! It is nonsense!"

"You will mistake me!" Dorothy cried, more angry still. Not allow her indeed! "I am not speaking of going to the seaside, Mr. Ennerdale; I meant nothing of the kind!"

"No?"—in a tone of surprise. "What did you mean then? I thought you said you wanted to leave here?"

"I did say so, and I meant it. I"—she paused to draw a great breath of resolution—"have made up my mind to earn my own living. I intend to procure a situation as governess as soon as I can."

"A governess! You, child?"

His eyes opened in a stare of utter astonishment and incredulity.

"My dear, you must not think of such a thing! Your home is here."

"My home! You know I have none!" Dorothy burst out passionately. "I have no right to any home unless I earn it. Do you think that I can go on contentedly living on your charity?"

"Bless the child! What on earth has set her off like this?" Richard muttered, in a tone of complete amazement; and then, seeing that she was trembling violently, he laid his hand upon her shoulder and gently forced her to sit down. "So you have made up your mind to leave Mount Ennerdale and turn governess, Dorothy?"

"Yes; I have said so."

"I know you have; and why, pray?"

"I have told you. Here I live on charity—your charity. I will do that no longer."

"Did you ever say this to Frank, Dorothy—or think it?"

"To Frank?" Dorothy faltered, looking away from the earnest gaze of Richard's blue eyes. "Frank is—different."

"How?"

"I have known him nearly all my life."

"Why, yes, certainly," assented the Squire, pulling his beard, as he had a trick of doing. "But then, you know, it was not my fault that you did not know me as soon as you did him; was it?"

"That does not alter it. Frank is my cousin."

"So am I."

"You are not!" cried Dorothy. "You know we are hardly related at all."

"Not very closely, certainly; but at least I am as closely related to you as Frank is. We stand upon exactly the same footing. Our fathers were brothers."

Dorothy sat impatiently tapping her foot on the floor without answering. Presently Richard went on in his kind grave voice, but with an odd touch of pain in it, as he gently laid his hand on her shoulder—

"Don't talk any more about charity, child; I don't like to hear you say that. Your home is here until you have one of your own, and it is as much my pleasure as it is my duty to see that you are happy and comfortable in it. Where else should you be but here, I should like to know? As for turning governess, it is nonsense, you little goose! What unruly tribe of youngsters would ever be afraid of you, do you suppose?"

He touched her pale cheek as he finished, and somehow the touch aroused in Dorothy much of the wrathful feeling which she had felt when she had first seen him.

Did he look upon her as a child who was going to obey him? If he did, he was mistaken! She summoned her dignity to meet the occasion.

"You are very good, Mr. Ennerdale; but I have fully made up my mind to do as I have said. I thought it right to tell you. That is all I need say, I think."

"You have fully made up your mind?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"Exactly. And suppose I refuse to let you do anything of the kind?"

"Refuse?"

Dorothy doubted if she had heard aright. "You have no right to control me."

"Oh, yes, I think so! You are not of age yet, you know, and I am your guardian."

"You are not my guardain."

"Let us see about that."

He motioned to her to resume her seat, and she obeyed mechanically. It could not be, she thought, that he, whom she so disliked, had really any right to say what she should or should not do.

"I say that you are not of age, and that, as your guardian, I refuse to let you remove yourself from my care. You think I have no business to say anything of the sort, don't you?"

"Certainly, I do. You are not my guardain. My guardian was my uncle Francis."

"Or, strictly speaking, my uncle Francis. Now, you see, dear, that my father was the elder brother, and that, had he been here, as he should have been, he would certainly have been your guardian. Would he not?"

"I don't know. I suppose so," replied Dorothy reluctantly.

"To be sure he would—not a doubt of it! In point of fact, your guardian is the head of this family; and, since I hold that proud position at present, why, I hold the post with it, don't you see?"

He stopped; but Dorothy did not speak. She had no idea whether his chain of reasoning would bear looking into or not. She only felt that she was in his power, and that she passionately chafed against it and against him particularly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRAVE deeds are done in shops and forges. Some years ago a German laborer in the Fort Pitt cannon foundry had some melted iron poured accidentally into one of his shoes. He was carrying at the time one side of a vessel filled with liquid iron. If he had dropped it he would have endangered the lives of his comrades and set fire to the building. If he had set it down he would have spoiled the casting of a gun weighing 130 tons. The man walked steadily to the pit into which the molten iron was to be poured, and did not let go the handle of the vessel until his duty was done. He had that melted iron in his shoe about one minute and a half. It did not take him as long to get his shoe off, but who can imagine the torture, and the length to him of that minute and a half? For every splendid act of heroism done on the battle field a hundred are done in shops and quarries, and on the storm-tossed ocean.

Scientific and Useful.

OXIDIZATION.—To oxidize gold, silver, or brass: Paint over the parts to be oxidized with a solution of chloride of platinum; then let it dry. To make the solution of chloride of platinum, dissolve one drachm in two ounces of hot water.

HAY-LOADER.—The latest agricultural implement is a hay-loader, which has been recently patented in Dakota. This machine collects the scattered hay from the field, raises it to a suitable height, and finally discharges it upon the hayrack of the wagon.

WATER-PROOF.—The latest idea in the direction of water-proof foot-wear is a shoe made with a stout calf-skin vamp, seamless, underlying which, between it and the lining, is a vamp of thin rubber, the lining being of stout canvas. The bottom of the shoe has a rubber interlining between the outer and inner soles, and thus the shoe is about as near water-proof as a leather shoe can be. It is said to wear well and to preserve its water-proof qualities for an indefinite period.

IN CASE OF FIRE.—In one of the Paris theatres, some new apparatus has recently been tried for the purpose of securing safety in case of fire. The apparatus is governed by an electrical circuit, which can be closed by push-buttons in various parts of the building. The act of pressing one of these buttons would be to drop the iron curtain that divides the stage from the auditorium, and, at the same time, to open numerous exit doors, provided in case of panic. In case no one should have the presence of mind to touch one of these buttons, the heat of the fire itself will act upon certain portions of the apparatus, so that the curtain will come down and the doors will open automatically.

COUNTERFEITS.—The beautiful optical instrument called the stereoscope, by which two pictures, taken from slightly different standpoints, are made to blend into one image, has hitherto been regarded merely as a pleasant manner of examining photographs, and, most unaccountably, it seems to have gone completely out of fashion. According to a French paper, it is made to fulfil a very useful office at the Bank of France, it being employed there for the detection of spurious bank-notes. For this purpose, a genuine note is placed side by side with the suspected one inside the instrument; and, when the images are superposed, the slightest difference between them becomes evident at once. It is said that a forged note which appears perfect to the unaided eye cannot bear this stereoscopic test.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—If the brush, weeds, and stubble have not been cleaned out of the fence corners, it should be done before spring. The fence corners, especially if the worm rail fence is used, will harbor all classes of weeds, and become fruitful sources whence weeds are scattered over the field.

SMALL FRUIT TREES.—Small fruit trees can be protected from mice in winter by this means: Melt up your old tin cans, so that the solder will be all melted off; then wrap the tin loosely around the tree snug to the ground. This protection can be applied to small fruit plants when set out, as a guard against cut worms.

SWINE.—Many swine-breeders regard a solid earth floor the best for a pig-pen. It must be high enough to be readily drained, so as to be dry at all times. It is also customary with some breeders to remove from six to eight inches of these earth floors every spring, drawing the manure-soaked earth to the fields and renewing the floors with fresh earth.

THE GARDEN.—It will soon be time to begin garden work for early vegetables. Work in the garden is always well-bestowed. If the value of the vegetables grown be not equal to the labor applied, the advantage of having fresh vegetables, and of a superior quality, will more than compensate for the cost. Very often the labor given pays for itself in promoting health and imparting enjoyment.

WOOD-WORK.—California stage proprietors are said to soak all the wood-work of wagons and vehicles in oil before putting the parts together. The oil is crude petroleum. If the wood-work cannot be soaked an application on the outside, using a brush, once in eight weeks is excellent. The method is said to prevent the wood from swelling or shrinking, and saves much valuable time, as there is less repairing.

SCALE INSECTS.—A said to be good preparation for the destruction of scale insects is thus described: Take the whites of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three half pints of water, and five half pints of kerosene. Mix thoroughly by working them together by means of a force-pump and cyclone nozzle for five or ten minutes. The emulsion thus formed can be diluted with water, as may be desired, for application to infested plants.

TURKEYS AND WALNUTS.—A writer in a London paper says: "I stated last week that in former days tame turkeys were fed with walnuts to give them the taste of wild turkeys. In Italy, turkeys are always fattened with walnuts. Thirty days before a turkey is to be killed one walnut is stuffed down his throat. Each day he is given an additional walnut, and on the twenty-ninth day he has twenty-nine walnuts. He is immensely fat. I have often wondered," adds the writer, "why our turkey-breeders do not adopt this plan."

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For Good or Evil.

A servant-girl it is said appeared before a celebrated French lyrical poet, with all his manuscripts in her hand; and threatened to throw them into the fire unless he consented to marry her. Frightened at the imminent danger in which his poems were placed he married the vixen without delay. We know not whether the poet and the servant were happy in the married state. The mistress certainly showed genius in the audacity of her conduct, while the husband made sacrifices for art in his choice that deserved reward not only in the fame that his lyrics obtained, but in the humbler joys of domestic life.

You have never had to face such a terrible alternative, yet there have been moments when you have had to choose between two courses of action and when you have been called upon to make sacrifice. You have felt in your social or business life exactly as you did when, fatigued after a long walk, you arrived, late one autumn evening, at some cross-road far away from human habitation.

The one path led homeward and the other you knew not whither, but which of the two to take you could not, for the life of you, tell. Having, however, to decide, you have trusted to good luck and pursued your way at random, or, with a sneaking but unavowed faith in chance, you have drawn lots, shut your eyes, and twisted round like a top, indulged in an innocent game of pitch and toss, or resorted to one of the many tricks of hazard with which children are familiar.

The consequence of taking the wrong path may be much personal discomfort, but your sensations in making the choice are very mild and insipid if contrasted with the feelings you have were a highwayman to spring suddenly upon that lonely cross-road, and, with a ring of cold steel against your forehead, demand your money or your life. Being a wise man you would accept the reasonable alternative that the robber is considerate enough to offer, and would empty your pockets with more haste than the poet put the wedding ring on the finger of that highwaywoman of a servant.

The highwaymen are terrible alternatives. They come upon us at all hours—in the light that evil-doers shun, in the twilight, or under cover of darkness, like real footpads. Crowds do not frighten them away or cause them to lower their pistols. The ballroom, the workshops, the busy market-place are to them the same as the lonely heath. Their forms are as many and as various as the acts of our life, or as the features of the people we meet in the street. They start up and take us unaware, or they creep upon us like serpents, keeping themselves well in view. Some are masked; others let their faces be seen.

Your first terrible alternative may be in the choice of a trade or profession. Two paths lie before you—the one in the direction of your own inclinations, and the other in the direction of your friends' wishes.

Some youths boldly take their own course. Others—and they are the majority—accept the alternative offered by their friends. The result is the sole criterion of the wisdom of the choice. Many men, whose biographies are unwritten, have failed hopelessly in the trade or profession they entered upon deliberately and in spite of the advice of their friends. Through sheer incapacity they have fallen, or merely scratched the surface.

Should you meet a man whose middle life or old age is full of "if's" and "ah's" and regrets, be sure that one of those "if's" will be, "Ah! if I had only followed the wishes of my parents and been a grocer, a lawyer, or a carpenter!" as the case may be. The man is mourning over the terrible alternative of his youth.

On the other hand, there are men who have done the world and themselves signal service by pursuing their own course, sometimes under the frown and even the open hostility of their friends. Your own reading of history and your observations of life will supply many instances of men who have wisely chosen the terrible alternative—men who have taken the true measure of their strength, and, casting all fear away, have "Found life where others fear to die."

The terrors of your alternatives may seem to other people imaginary. For yourself they are always real, though in fact they may have no more reality than the dreams that disturb your sleep.

Real or imaginary, your best plan is to meet them boldly. If the sea is behind, a river on the right and mountains on the left, there is still a way over your enemies' bodies in front.

If your bridges are not burned, and there are several means of escape, then is the moment to consider carefully the situation and to act upon a definite alternative, shunning the cowardice that halts between two opinions and calls itself toleration.

As a general rule, perhaps, better take the bull by the horns when he comes in your way. It is a healthy exercise, and our antagonist, it is said, often becomes our helper.

It is not by honeyed words of praise or flattery that we can help one another. It is the truth that is wanted to speed men on to their best endeavors; and there is more truth in good than in evil, in power than in weakness. Let each one make for his starting-point not what he fears, but what he hopes—not what he cannot, but what he can do—not his wrong, but his right. Let him beware of despising himself as much as over estimating himself; let him, without pride or arrogance, rejoice in whatever he can find in himself of strength or beauty, regarding it all as a trust given him for the benefit or good of the world, which will grow and flourish by the using.

The truth is, when we are under any affliction, we are generally troubled with a malicious kind of melancholy; we only dwell and pore upon the sad and dark occurrences of Providence, but never take notice of the more benign and bright ones. Our way in this world is like a walk under a row of trees, checkered with light and shade; and because we cannot all along walk in the sunshine, we therefore perversely fix only upon the darker passages, and so lose all the comfort of our comforts. We are like froward children who, if you take one of their playthings from them, throw away all the rest in spite.

God appoints to every one of his creatures a separate mission, and if they quit themselves like men, and faithfully follow the light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenching influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.

There are persons who melt into tears of pity at the sight of sorrow, who suffer with the suffering of others and rejoice in their joy, who are tender and gentle in their manner, showering kindly words and sympathetic greetings on all whom they meet, but whose benevolence ends just there. When it comes to actually giving or doing or denying self for others' welfare, they seem impotent. They have expended themselves in feeling, and there is nothing left. Of course this refers to such who are able to give—not to those who cannot.

That a man's house is his castle is an old and very much battered tradition supposed to be common law. But the due and full understanding of the precept is not common. It is not always from foes or disturbances without that the castle needs defense; the inner furnishing and comfort also require to be diligently looked after. When this is done, for "castle" we substitute the better and pleasanter word "home." And the home should be in the best and highest sense the "castle" for man, woman and child.

Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy, with an ungrateful return; but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver; and we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense. Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others, and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they spring. Once blest are all the virtues; twice blest sometimes.

Nothing is less sincere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend, whilst yet he only aims at getting his own approved of, and his friend responsible for his conduct. On the other hand, he who gives it repays the confidence supposed to be placed in him by a seemingly disinterested zeal, whilst he seldom means anything by the advice he gives but his own interest or reputation.

True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal; false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct, limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

The cloud which appeared to the prophet Ezekiel carried with it winds and storms, but it was environed with a golden circle, to teach us that the storms of affliction, which happen to God's children, are encompassed with brightness and smiling felicity.

One month in the school of affliction will teach thee more than the great precepts of Aristotle in seven years; for thou canst never judge rightly of human affairs unless thou hast first felt the blows and found out the deceits of fortune.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.

Just in proportion as a man becomes good, divine, Christlike, he passes out of the region of theorizing, of system-building, and hireling service, into the region of beneficent activities.

There are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment, and yet can waste years.

There are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn or neglect.

The World's Happenings.

A blind lawyer is a Buffalo oddity.

Cincinnati policemen get diplomas for acts of heroism.

There are seventeen farmers in the Fiftieth Congress.

The retail price of coal at Pasadena, Cal., is $25 a ton.

Adam Sebastian, of Cincinnati, is the father of 8 wins.

An ox race was run at Port Royal, South Carolina, recently.

Ice cream in the form of waffles is a new gastronomic dainty.

In this country during 1887 52,000 pianos were manufactured.

The mail carrier between Calico, Cal., and Bismarck is a dog.

Florida is reveling in green peas, new potatoes and watermelons.

The latest club in Washington, D. C., is the "Misanthrope's Own."

Scotch railways are adopting trumpets for signals instead of whistles.

Kentucky still heats her State House at Frankford with old-fashioned wood fires.

Five thousand acres of Hawkinsville, Ga., timber land sold for $38 the other day.

A football player was recently struck in the abdomen by the ball and died instantly.

A Berlin actor has just made his five-thousandth appearance in the same theatre.

There are in Vermont about 1300 school districts which have less than 12 pupils each.

An English critic says that novels are now supplied at the rate of about 400 a year.

A Bootblack Union and a boycott of little Italians are threatened in New York city.

There are twice as many colored Baptists as there are white in the State of Mississippi.

A Pennsylvania judge fined half a dozen book agents for lying about the contents of their book.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that bakers, and only bakers, can sell bread on Sunday.

John Willard, of New Garden, Pa., has a fine sheep, the wool of which made 19 yards of cloth a yard wide.

A London, England, firm of manufacturing dentists advertise that they will purchase old sets of artificial teeth.

A woman, bearing the name of Giveway, the wife of a railroad agent at Tennessee Pass, Col., has given birth to five boys.

An Italian with a hand organ and a negro with "bones" form the new combination in street orchestras seen in New York.

"Dinners for a penny" are given every week to 1000 persons out of employment by a Birmingham, England, charity organization.

A citizen of Brunswick, Ga., proposes to paint his house black and ornament the roof with representations of coffins painted white.

A girl employed as waiter in a Homer, Mich., hotel, was bitten by a mad dog 10 years ago, and now has her second attack of hydrophobia.

It took two Baptist ministers twenty minutes to baptize 40 colored converts in the icy waters of Green River, Ky., the other day.

During the past seven years nearly 200,000 acres of land in England have gone out of cultivation, at a loss of nearly $1,500,000 to landowners and farmers.

The cold was so severe at Monterey, Mexico, a few days since that a circus proprietor had to build a fire around his elephant to keep him from freezing.

In a dull time for news appears the story that a Kansas hen recently laid an egg on which the words "In God we trust" were plainly imprinted in well-formed letters.

Eight-year-old Floyd Tuft, of Westville, Vt., is a good chunk of a boy. He weighs 125 pounds, is as strong as he is big, and shoulders a two-bushel bag of shelled corn.

The white ties worn by New York waiters are in most cases furnished by the house, and when the waiters are not on duty the ties are left with the head waiter.

There were 18,000 separate remittances by money orders sent from this country to Europe during the two weeks before Christmas. Most of them were gifts to the old folks at home.

The Berlin beer drinkers are the fastest in Europe. In a certain saloon there a mechanical lion roars when a new cask is tapped, and that incites every one to finish his glass and order a new one.

A railroad express messenger met with a painful and peculiar accident at Hilpen, Wis. He had a gold ring on one of his fingers, and, as he attempted to swing himself from the car to the ground, the ring caught in the door in such a manner as to pull the finger from its socket.

The owners of one of the largest ranches in Texas has contracted with a Chicago firm to have the top wire all around their pasture fence charged with electricity, so as to give a shock to all animals touching it, and to enable their cowboys to telephone to them by attaching a portable instrument to the wire. A break in the fence will ring a bell at headquarters.

Orlando Devine and his brother, of Monroeton, Pa., saw a coon put its head out of a hole in a big tree at G. W. Kipp's sawmill the other day. They resolved to capture the coon by cutting the tree down. When the tree fell it struck another big tree, and both trees fell on the roof of Kipp's mill, crushing it in and doing over $1000 damage to the machinery. The coon escaped.

ON THE SHORE.

BY SUSANNA J.

On the shore waiting, and turning away
From the promise of years to be,
Looking out, with a heart too faint to pray,
To the home beyond the sea—
Beyond where the breakers dance and shine,
Beyond the mist of the dim sea-line,
Beyond the rocks and the foaming spray,
To the land of rest that is far away!

Surely God knoweth the pain we bear
As he knoweth our weakness and sin,
Though we look to the world all brave and fair,
While the heart is sore within!
He knows of the journey so long and lone,
And the hidden wounds that we deem unknown,
Leading as ever through toil and strife
To the perfect peace of a higher life.

"Pikey."

BY H. MOBERLY.

I HAD the story from Moroni himself—Cesario Bartolommeo dei Moroni, as he writes himself now and then—the "Moroni" of London, and Paris.

He is a great man now. Kings, princes, and potentates; celebrities, native and foreign; actors, cabinet ministers, and pretty women, are getting themselves photographed in his smart studios every day of the week; but when I first knew him he was but a journeyman at an Islington artist's, and spelt his name with a "y," as did the Irish kings, his forefathers, before him.

We met at Daisycliffe, where we had the hotel to ourselves. It was long past the end of the season.

We drifted into companionship, dined together in the coffee-room each evening, and smoked our morning pipes pacing the spray-swept, shingle-strewn Parade in dual solitude.

"I like the place," Moroni said. "I've reason to. My first professional success was achieved here, in that very spot," and he stopped to contemplate a piece of waste ground which a board indicated as the site of "Daisycliffe Mansions West."

"There was a row of fishermen's huts hereabout," he went on. "The hotel was built, but shut up, bankrupt. Five shops in the High Street. Two trains to London a day—fare one pound nineteen third-class."

"But what ever brought you here?" I interrupted.

"Vanity, sir; vanity, and impatience of servitude, and a desire to be my own master. I had a good situation in London, but I did not pull well with the principal and wanted to start for myself. Also, I was abominably taken in by my wife's brother—a plausible, lovable, mendacious young scamp. He had a business down here, however he came by it, and he actually persuaded me to take it off his hands in lieu of some money which should have come to Teresita on her father's death. It was too far for previous inquiries. He showed us his accounts—pure works of fiction every line of them—and photographs of the place, almost as delusive—one of the Parade crowded with well-dressed promenaders—that was taken on a Sunday—the whole population come home from church this way; one of the big hotel—carriages standing outside, waiters on the steps, company at the windows—that was the day the directors held their winding-up meeting there—the only visitors it had seen for six months; views of Belminster, the cathedral town, with its great Northern race-meetings—only distant half-an-hour by train, which never stopped at Daisycliffe in those days—Cliffe Castle, the seat of Lord Sandbar, adjoining the town.

Well, you shall hear what that came to presently. We looked at the pictures, believed in his descriptions, closed the bargain, and walked into Daisycliffe one lovely evening in early autumn, Teresita carrying the bambino, and I wheeling all our worldly goods on a truck from the station.

The studio looked promising. It was a cottage enlarged with plenty of plate-glass and black and gold decoration about it. It looked on the Parade, and the Parade looked—much as it does now.

I went up and down prospecting. A knot of fishermen lounging round a capstan at one end; at the other a young lady immersed in study.

The hotel was shuttered up. All the weedy little row of lodging-houses had blinds down and dingy bills stuck in every window.

I went up to the town. A few out-at-elbows-looking tradesfolk lounging idly at their doors eyed me as I passed with unfriendly curiosity—all except the landlord of the "Blue Lion" public, who was friendly and invited me to come up that evening to a social gathering in the tap-room.

I pocketed my pride and a dozen elegant gold-lettered cards of terms for distribution, and went.

Such a low-spirited hopeless lot I met there!

All the talk was of bad debts, long credit, shortness and poorness of the season's business, and the iniquities of the railway company, which seemed to have laid itself out to ruin the unlucky little town.

I mentioned Castle Cliffe by way of turning the conversation, and asked if Lord Sandbar did nothing for the place? "Sandbar? Oh, Lord! Do anything for the place? Sandbar? You may well say Sandbar? Ah, just so, Sandbar—Sandbar!"

Not very full or explanatory, but as pregnant with dark meaning as if it had been a chorus of virtuous villagers in an opera expounding the iniquities of the wicked baron.

Not that Lord Sandbar was wicked. On the contrary. He was the result of careful bringing-up by his mother and his step-father—a popular preacher.

His sins, if any, were purely of omission. *He* keep house like a nobleman and make the castle custom worth having? Not he! Visitors from London and shooting parties? Sunday-school teachers and missionaries out for a holiday—that was about his sort. Does he hunt? No. Yacht? No. Entertain or do anything like a gentleman? Not a bit of it. What does he do for Daisycliffe? Can't say, unless it's to shut up all the footpaths round the Castle and stop the Foresters' Fete being held in the Park.

Is he married? No, nor likely. Won't let a woman come near him, married or single.

It's as much as the housekeeper's place is worth to let one set foot in the Castle. They do say as he goes about with a loaded pistol in his pocket, and would let fly as soon as look at her if he caught one crossing the Park—and so on for half-an-hour. That was my first experience of Daisycliffe.

"I don't seem to see where the professional success comes in," I said.

I didn't, I can tell you. I took in five shillings in the first week, one and sixpence in the second. The third we were left to ourselves.

The fishermen at last gave up the joke of hustling one another in with the request to me to "Take him handsome for his young woman."

Even the small-boy population got tired of us and left our window unsmeared by inquisitive noses. Then I tramped over to Belminster to see if I could raise enough on some of our possessions to take us back to die—if starve we must—in London.

I found Belminster a-ferment with the stir and excitement of the race-week. No murmur of it had drifted over to us. The flag waved over Cliffe Castle showing that some of the family were there; also the short-cut across the Park was boarded up, and I had an extra mile and a half of road to tramp. That was all the Earl's coming had done for Daisycliffe.

I reached home dog-tired, and utterly cast down.

Teresita met me with a smile and a good dinner. She was never disheartened in the worst of times. She could make merry over a crust, sing and cuddle the baby, and invent excuses for the young swindler Tonino just as if we hadn't changed our last gold coin. I listened gloomily to her, and answered sharply, till a sudden unfamiliar sound silenced us both. The studio bell!

We were in the little outer office in a minute.

A figure stood there with its back to us contemplating the photographs in a case on the wall—a small figure, a dingy figure in a bell-crowned felt hat perched on a shock head of hair surmounting a suit of ragged velveteen terminating in a lace-up man's boot and a trodden out highlow—a boy, and a boy with "tramp" and "gipsy" written on every inch of him.

I strode in upon him wrathfully. "What are doing here?" I demanded.

Nowise abashed, he turned and faced me.

"Did you make all these?" he asked. "Will you please make a picture of me?"

I stood fairly transfixed at the audacity of the imp. He was a slight slip of a lad—perhaps twelve or thirteen years old, with a small childish face as brown as a nut. He had clawed his hat off as he spoke, and his hair fell over his eyes in elf-locks black as a coal.

A red handkerchief was twisted round his slender brown throat, and he had stuck a sprig of honeysuckle in his buttonhole.

He carried a blackthorn stick, and I noticed he leant upon it and walked with a limp. I took all this in—instinctively, I suppose, for of my first look at him I remember nothing but his eyes.

They were cast down when he first addressed me, but as he spoke up swept the heavy black lashes and out flashed from under the shadow of his elk-locks two great dazzling grey stars.

A positive shock seemed to pass through me in that second—an odd unaccountable thrill such as no boy's eyes ever caused in this world before.

Perhaps it was only the startling incongruity of those clear light glancing irises with the coal-black brows and swarthy skin. I couldn't resist provoking another look.

"Come, get out of this. What made you think of coming here?"

The long lashes quivered but never lifted. He stood fumbling in the bosom of his dingy waistcoat and dragged out a crumpled piece of paper folded and refolded into a wad. Then came the look I had been waiting for—the sudden flash of grey lightning from under the cloudy brows.

"A begging letter, eh?" but I took it and unfolded it very slowly, watching the boy's face as I did so. It was a clever face, square-chinned with a resolute delicate mouth and impudent upturned nose.

When he saw that I meant to read the letter a grin of delight showed all his gleaming teeth, and he nodded to himself as if he considered his business settled. Here's the letter. You can see for yourself.

Moroni searched in his pocket-book and found it.

"My dear Jake,—Althought no friend, as you are aweare, to trumps and pikeys such as yourself, yet I must say I always found you steady and well-meaning, Jake, and certainly of use in the matter of Mr. Blissett's sick cow, which is why as a friend I would not wish you to hear unprepared that your poor mother, coming home from hopping, was knocked down by a farm cart, Jim Davis driving, and not as sober as he might have been, and was taken for dead to the County Hospital, where she now lies, as I saw with my own eyes last visitors' day, kept as a comfortable as if she were a lady, but almost out of her mind with fretting after you, which is naturally very trying to all about her. "I want Jake, just a sight of Jake," she goes on continual, and keeps your old red handkerchief under the pillow and talks to it like a Christian. Now, Jake, I always liked you, and would never hear but that there are two sides to a story, even when it is one's own fat Michaelmas goose. There were others pikeys about besides yourself, Jake, and I don't think you would go to harm your friends, so do, like a good boy, come back at once and give the poor soul some comfort if you was but to hear her.—Your friend as you behave,

"LOUISA BLISSETT."

I read this aloud to Teresita, who came in with our boy in her arms.

"Why don't you go? At once!" she cried.

The boy hung his head and faltered out a long explanation.

Michael had brought him there—to Belminster. Michael was one of their tribe. They had a horse to sell, and nobody but he, Jake, could manage it. It was a point of honor to stay.

"But they told me—that you could do my picture—as like as life—and I could send it by one of our people."

"How do you mean to pay for it?"

"When the horse is sold——" he began eagerly.

"Thank you, my good boy, but I don't work on credit."

"Ah, the poor child!" Teresita broke in. "Think, Cesarino mio, it is for his mother. We are poor, dreadfully poor, but we can help him, and the Holy Mother above will not let us be the poorer."

If Teresita had set her heart upon it that was quite sufficient without the interposition of the saints.

"Come this way," I said, not too cordially. But the lad stood staring stupidly and shamefacedly. "Don't you want it after all?"

Then he made a sudden dash at Teresita and kissed her hand.

"You are a good, good woman!" he cried with a choked voice, "and shall not be robbed by me. I will pay you. I swear by Heaven—*pre my mullos dadas!*" Then he followed me.

There were the usual stock properties about; amongst others a low rustic paling. I was studying how to pose him, when he spied this, dragged it forward, and had kicked off his two unmatched mud-weighted boots and had sprung astride of the top rail in an instant, his slender brown feet lightly twisted together, his old cap full of hazel twigs and nuts between his knees—as perfect a picture as I could have wished to make.

His spirits went up and his eyes danced; he began to whistle and sing snatches of songs and make grimaces at the baby, who gaped at him open-mouthed over Teresita's shoulder.

Yet he could be still. It was a marvel to me how, but there I had the quaint roguish smile and flashing upward glance crystallized under my fingers at will. I became fascinated with my work and took a negative.

The light was strong and clear, and I promised to print him a proof before he left.

He would not trust to my sending it—wouldn't tell me where to find him in Belminster, or the name of the hospital where his mother was. Then while I was preparing a plate he began to sing.

I couldn't understand a word of the song, but it made me feel like crying, till he gave a whistle and stamp, and, snapping his fingers, started off into a dance with a chorus that set Teresita clapping her hands and capering, and the baby jumping and crowing with ecstacy.

Before he left he had confided to us the whole story of the missing Michaelmas goose with such wonderful mimicry, speech and action that even now I can imagine I saw the whole proceeding. The pert gipsy wench, with a bundle of grass and leaves under her cloak instead of a baby, hovering round the blacksmith's goose-pen, with a basket of smallwares; the blacksmith's facetiousness over the choice of a neckkerchief and breastpin, and clumsy attempts at gallantry; the excitement of the instant when his back was turned and with one artful grasp and twirl the fattest of the flock was seized, and gasped his last, done up in the baby's red shawl.

He acted it all—the muzzy, beery, amorous smith; the coquettish, wicked-eyed young gipsy; and the dying flap and flutter of the victim.

How we laughed! while I secretly determined to make sure that the watch was safe in my pocket and the drops in Teresita's ears before I showed our fascinating young friend off the premises.

It was dusk when he bade us good-bye and departed, the photograph tenderly wrapped in the red rag from his neck.

"I will come again in *dui—trin—shtar diewus*—in four days more, at this hour, and I will pay you."

"If he does not the Holy Mother will," said Teresita, with conviction.

I am afraid I had not Teresita's faith in either one or the other, miserable sinner that I was.

We closed for the night, and I was moodily clearing the studio of the litter of cracked nuts, muddy footmarks, and a stray brass button, when a knock at the door shook our house to its foundations.

A man in the Sandbar livery was unsteadily holding on to the door-handle. He brought a note which ought to have reached me an hour before.

Lord Sandbar would be happy to see me at the Castle to-morrow. He wished for some instruction and assistance in photography, and also desired to have some views of Cliffe and the Castle ruins. The terms offered were princely. How Teresita exulted!

I was at the Castle early next day. It is a splendid ivy grown old pile, half in crumbling ruins, the other half dark and scowling with fortifications, turret and battlement, draw-bridge and portcullis—the very home for the grim-visaged man-hating recluse that I, somehow, expected to find; or if not, then a Byronic youth with a haughty mien, and a Woe stamped on his passion-furrowed brow.

Lord Sandbar was neither. Only a great solemn awkward lout, with broad shoulders, and a ruddy countenance composed into a priggish sobriety.

He was evidently "serious," and began to exhort me affectionately like a little tract before I had finished unpacking my traps. I didn't mind.

It was all in the day's work, but it looked as if it hadn't agreed with the other visitor at the Castle—a stout jovial little gentleman with a merry eye and a weather-beaten countenance, whom Lord Sandbar called Major Carberry.

I found that he was an old friend of Lord Sandbar's father, and had asked for a few days' shooting at Cliffe, and Lord Sandbar, who had come down on business

had stayed to entertain him.

I think they must have had a bad time time together. The Earl looked askance at the Major as a little dog does at a big one who may take him up and shake him any day; the Major eyed the Earl with curiosity not unmixed with disgust.

"Good Lord! that that should be poor Ralph's son!" I heard him growl in a consternated aside once. Both received me and my camera cordially as a sort of safe neutral subject. The Major was, as I knew by report, a distinguished amateur artist, and one whom it was worth my while to cultivate. The Earl was anxious to learn. "Going to make magic-lantern slides for his Sunday-school tea-parties," the Major explained.

We worked very harmoniously all day, and I began to get considerably interested in my employer.

He was so big, so strong, so full of life and vigor, so incredibly sedate and goody. "I'm sure the Countess would say"—"Mr. Oliphant, my step-father, would not allow"—were phrases continually on his lips, and all his talk was of the doings of his own special little *coterie*, outside of which was no salvation. He had a great deal to tell about his "work" in the slums, and the ragamuffin class generally; but it seemed to me to consist chiefly in preventing its being got at by other folks' "missions" which didn't happen to match its shade of opinion.

However, by degrees he gave up preaching when he found it was not expected from him.

The Major relieved his mind by shooting all the mornings and working with us in the afternoon, and we got along very harmoniously.

Lord Sandbar used to listen with zest to some of the Major's marvelious sporting anecdotes. Field-sports might have been a passion with him if he had ever been allowed to indulge it.

When Major Carberry's reminiscences took a social turn, it was amusing to watch the good young nobleman's face, pink with apprehension of hearing something naughty, his efforts to suppress a shame-faced guffaw, and the extra primness of his demeanor for the next few minutes.

"He's been bottled and corked up too long, that young man," the Major confided to me. "His ideas are fermenting in his head. There'll be an explosion some of these days," and he nodded ominously, perhaps not ill-content with having expedited the process.

On the fourth day when I arrived at the Castle I saw directly that some disturbance had already taken place, though not of the kind the Major anticipated. I found him packing his apparatus in a wrathful bustle, and relieving his mind with some very bad language.

A fly from the "Blue Lion" drove up the avenue after me and waited at the door. "I'm going to Belminster. Yes, and I mean to stay there. I've told that milk-sop there that if he wont spare a horse and a trap for his father's old friend—that, by Jove, I'll put no further strain on his hospitality. It was a letter from his mamma that did it. I'm bad company for him, forsooth! Well, let my lady look out. He's beginning to find the length of her apron-string. He'll cut it some day, and then—mark my words," and the Major's tone rose to the prophetic, "unless he has the luck to fall into the hands of some woman with brains enough for two, he'll go the Dickens!"

Lord Sandbar was evidently much flurried and discomposed by his guest's departure.

I arrived at the explanation by degrees. It was Cup Day at Belminster, and Lord Sandbar not only flatly refused to go himself but had also declined "on principle" to allow his servants and horses to take the Major.

He had, no doubt, gained a moral victory; but it had left him ill-tempered and restless, very bitter against the world and the things of it, and determined to go back to town by the evening train.

We had a very dull day together. I was treated to one or two sour little sermons that ought by rights to have gone to benefit the Major, but he was out of range. When I got tired of that sort of thing, I produced, by way of diversion, all the proofs I had printed of "Pikey," and persisted in telling the story.

The move was successful. Gipsies and the pikey race generally were a class outside Lord Sandbar's previous experience, and he listened greedily.

Had I tried in any way to exert an influence for good over this one? I confess that it hadn't occurred to me to do so. Had I not considered it an opening—a manifest opening?

The boy had feelings that might have been worked upon. Lord Sandbar evidently regretted not having been there with a tract to try.

He seemed curiously attracted by the photographs. He spread them out on the table before him, and sat studying them in silence for a long time. I wondered if the spell of those gray eyes was on him too.

"Would you like to see him? He promised to come to-night." Lord Sandbar jumped at the notion. He would come home with me on his way to the Daisycliffe Station, and he went off to get his portmanteau packed.

Teresita was at the door waving to me excitedly as we drove up. She hardly noticed my companion. "He has come! Come in. See for yourself! Eccolo!"

Sure enough, there were his boots on the mat, and there he was, several degrees raggeder than before, but with a new bright orange scarf knotted round his neck dancing a fandango with the baby.

"Sarishan to your kokero!" he cried as we entered, with a grand flourish of the battered old hat into which he had stuck a fine bunch of red berries. "We've bikened the gry—sold the horse, and Michael has given me my share! Here it is—half for you." He restored the bambino to Teresita, and with his little white teeth undid a knot in the corner of his necktie and shook out a little pile of sovereigns and silver into my hand. "Is that enough?"

Then he put his arms akimbo, tossed back the elf-locks from his eyes, and stood looking at Lord Sandbar with the full, innocent gaze of a young kitten on its good behavior.

"I don't want anything like this!" I exclaimed. "Here, take it back. Keep it for your mother."

"I've enough—plenty. And I am going to her this very night. Prastee! Good night!" He made for the door, but Lord Sandbar's great figure barred it.

"How are you going, my boy? Shall I drive you back to Belminster?"

"I don't want to go back to Belminster," Pikey answered pettishly. "I can start from here just as well?"

"But where are you going?"

No answer.

"You will be always on the road. Now, listen to me, like a good boy."

Sandbar put his hand on the lad's shoulder. It was twisted away impatiently.

"What business is it of yours?" Pikey demanded with a vicious little snap, like a squirrel at bay.

He looked wonderfully handsome, to be sure. His great eyes shone half-fierce, half-frightened; his cheeks glowed through their tan; and all his small white teeth gleamed wickedly, ready to bite.

"This is Lord Sandbar," I interposed; "a good friend to all poor boys like yourself. He wants to be kind to you if you will let him."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said Pikey. The queerest look passed over his face. "Lord Sandbar!" he murmured thoughtfully. He had got clear of the restraining hand, and walked away from us all to the window, where he stood in silence.

"Can he have heard of me?" asked the Earl, with demure complacency. "It would be deeply, deeply gratifying——"

Pikey's shoulders were shaking as if with some suppressed emotion. Teresita stole up to him and laid her arm across them sympathizingly.

He looked up, and if the young villain wasn't exploding with laughter over some private joke; but Sandbar noticed nothing. "Let me talk to him," he said, and I called Teresita away and left them together.

When we returned in a few minutes the Earl was holding the boy's arm with an air of possession.

"I am going to take Jake to his mother," he announced. "He will travel with me to London to-night."

"But you are a gentleman and I am only a poor Gypsy——" Pikey began to protest; but Sandbar silenced him and bade him say good-bye to us all.

Some unaccountable curiosity made me take the short-cut to the station to see them off.

They had established themselves in a first-class carriage. Pikey, his rags concealed under a sealskin-trimmed coat which I recognized, was nestling down under the great bearskin travelling-rug, his eyes alight and his cheeks poppy-red with excitement. Lord Sandbar sat opposite gazing—not to say gaping—down on his protege. He looked bewildered, strangely stirred by some novel emotion, absorbing, delicious, incomprehensible. He could spare neither word nor look for me.

"Hurrah!" cried Pikey, waving his pretty brown hand.

"The imp's been putting the comether over him too," I said to myself, and then the train moved off, and I lost sight of my Pikey for ever.

Moroni came to a full stop.

"Go on," I said impatiently.

"Which do you want to hear? How I went on and made my fortune, or the end of Lord Sandbar's adventure?"

"I know the end of your story. I think I'd rather go on with Lord Sandbar's. Did he go to the dickens?"

"That is a matter of opinion. I never heard more of him till the following spring. I was trying to find my way from one out-of-the-way suburb to another beyond the range of trams and omnibuses, when I came upon a dismal forgotten region of old houses, condemned to demolition, surrounded by hoardings. Turning the corner, face to face I met "my Pikey."

"Not in the flesh, but full-length on a poster—the very imp, just as I had taken him astride of the fence in my Daisycliffe studio. There was no mistake. The poster was tinted to represent a monster photograph, and was a copy, I could swear, of my own. At the top, to dispel all doubt, was the name in huge capitals "Pikey," and below the name of a theatre, "The Diversity," and a date half-peeled off, but evidently that of the past year.

I was so utterly perplexed that I left my errand unfulfilled and, returning to town, made at once for "The Diversity," or would have done so if I had not been informed that it had revived under new management as "The Battenberg," so, without knowing precisely what I meant to do, I made my way forthwith to the box-office.

A very civil young gentleman listened to my inquiries with interest, but could afford no assistance.

"Pikey? I seem to remember something about that too. It was before my time, though. Ah, there's a gentleman who might be able to help you. Mr. Mountjoy!"

"Hallo! Why, it's Moroni!" An old comrade of mine whose name known as a writer of successful melodrama came up and greeted me. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Want to know about "Pikey," eh? Yes, it's a piece of mine. Why was it never brought out? Well, that's a queer story. That was Nancy Bell's portrait you saw, of course. You might have seen it all over the place last autumn. The little wretch put us all in a hole, but she has apologized very prettily since, and I can't afford to quarrel with a countess."

"A countess? Pikey? Nancy Bell? Put it a little plainer, that's a good fellow. That gipsy urchin sat to me at Daisycliffe last autumn—that I'll swear. Now how did he get on that poster? That's all I want to find out."

"Daisycliffe! Why, of course that's where it all happened. Nancy sent me the photograph from there—said she'd been taken in character by the local artist. Never guessed it was you, though. She went there to be quiet and work at her part "Jake." I'd written it expressly for her, you know. Lord Sandbar's place is close to Daisycliffe, I believe. There, you have it. On the day of first rehearsal, instead of Miss Nancy Bell came wedding-cards from the Earl and Countess of Sandbar."

I felt the place go round with me. Mountjoy talked on.

"His people were furious, of course. They thought they had made him so uncommonly safe. In fact, I had met Sandbar once or twice myself before, and, knowing what I did of him, it's a mystery to me to this day how that audacious little hussy ever got at him."

I could have told, but I held my peace.

Those Eyes!

BY L. C.

NOW what's to be done?" demanded Mrs. Lennox, coming hastily into the pretty morning-room, where her daughters and niece were reading, practising, or writing letters as usual. "Now what's to be done? Madame Berne has just sent her fore-woman to tell me that she cannot possibly complete all your dresses for Lady Longhurst's dance. One of her best hands has been taken seriously ill, and she is overwhelmed with work."

"I knew something would happen," said Jean Lennox, tragically. "I had a presentiment of it when I awoke this morning."

"Poor dear! you had lobster salad for supper, and behold the results!" cried the merry voice of Zoe Grainger, better known as Tiny, because she was so small and slight; or Brownie, in allusion to the rich olive and peach tints of her complexion. "Jean, you are a fraud and a deception, so don't let us hear any more of your croakings!"

"But what are we to do if that tiresome madame does not send our gowns?" asked Marion Lennox, standing up and gazing solemnly at her companions. "It's my belief that every dressmaker in Fullerton is in the same predicament, for Lady Longhurst told me nearly all her invitations had been accepted, and who would care to go to her house in old or shabby frocks?"

"Not I, for one," quoth Zoe; "nor you for another, eh, Bess? But what is the alternative?"

"I don't see that there is an alternative and I am very sorry to have to say so," replied Mrs. Lennox, for she was good-natured, and did not like to cast a cloud on the bright, eager young faces gathering about her chair. "What with the lovely weather, and the picnics those officers stationed at Hautecliffe have been always proposing, you see you have unfortunately worn out all your summer dresses."

"Or ruined them," replied Jean, "I knew something would happen to prevent our going to this dance. I've had a conviction haunting me——"

"With a tral-lal-la," said Zoe, tripping round her, "and a tral-lal-la, and it's on for the doleful dolefuls! How often am I to tell you, Jennie, that a pug-nose and prophecy won't go together!"

"Do be quiet, both of you," cried Marion, pettishly, "and let mamma help us out of our difficulty if she can."

"Yes, mamma must advise us," added her sister Bess. "We cannot, and will not, be defrauded of the gayest affair of the season."

"And the extreme pleasure of Major Carton's society!" murmured mischievous Zoe, in the languid drawl of the military exquisite whose attentions to bonnie Bess Lennox had been sufficiently pointed to set that demoiselle's heart in a flutter. "It's weally too, too awfully dweadful!"

"Don't tease each other, my dears," Mrs. Lennox entreated, as Bess jumped up in a huff. "I was so vexed on your account, that I put on my bonnet and walked to the High Street to see madame. Poor thing! she looks sadly harassed! She wants to oblige all her customers, and says she will keep her girls up all night but what you shall have two of your dresses, and if possible three; but the fourth she will not pretend to promise, as it is not even cut out."

"Did you see the promised two?" asked Bess, anxiously.

"Yes," was the disappointing response; "and they were Jean's and Marion's."

"Then mine," said Zoe, "must be the one that is not cut out, for the silk was delayed in coming from London; and I mean it to make such a sensation in that lovely heliotrope and white. It's my turn to play the prophetess, and I predict that I shall cry with vexation."

"Bah!" growled a manly voice from the door where Ivor Lennox, a fine young specimen of the British gentleman-farmer, had been standing unnoticed for some minutes.

"It isn't bah, nor boh either!" retorted Zoe, who was always wrangling with him. "It's a horrible disappointment; there now!"

"It must be," he told her ironically; "what woman would not feel heart-broken at losing a new gown, and such an opportunity for flirtation? why, it's all the sex lives for."

"Slander and calumny uttered in the presence of the best of mothers——" began Zoe, so severely that Ivor reddened and attempted to exculpate himself.

"Of course my mother is an exception; I was only alluding to the butterflies buzzing about her."

"Fine substantial specimens they are," murmured Zoe, with such a sly glance at his tall buxom sisters that he could not help laughing with her.

"You cannot deny your own resemblance to the frivolous insect," he said.

"Just now I look and feel more like its original, the modest caterpillar." And Zoe ruefully surveyed her morning-dress of brown and amber vicuna. "But your criticisms are wasted on me, for I am hardened in the sins you rebuke. I do like to look nice; and I do try to attract admiration. I'd rather, far rather, hear men say, there goes a pretty girl, than know they think me a guy; and I adore dainty gloves and handkerchiefs, and good lace, and French shoes, and—and——"

"And all the other luxuries an heiress has at command," added Ivor, with a ring of bitterness in his tone, that made Zoe gaze at him with surprise. It was so seldom that her sensible cousin betrayed any deeper feelings lurking below the persiflage with which he amused himself and her.

"Yes, it is nice to be an heiress," she observed, simply, "and I do not believe it very wicked to love such charming combinations of silk and tulle as I must now lay aside unworn."

"Alas! for the helplessness of woman!" ejaculated Ivor, with a provoking shrug. "In spite of patterns by the million, she is at the mercy of her *modiste*, and cannot put her pretty things together with her own fair hands; no, not to save her life!".

"Could you make yourself a coat, sir?" queried Zoe, dancing up to him. "You couldn't; you know you couldn't. Alas! for the helplessness of men who depend on their tailors!

"Yes, go away do, you provoking fellow!" she soliloquized, when he had made good his retreat; and his mother and sisters trooped upstairs to decide whether a pale blue *crepe de chine* belonging to Bess could not be made presentable with plenty of lace, always supposing madam did not succeed in sending home dress number three.

"Go, poor way, Mr. Ivor Lennox. I often think you despise me for being such a commonplace, undersized, useless little creature; though sometimes just now and then—I am tempted to hope—I mean to fancy——"

But here Zoe broke off with a blush.

"Anyhow, my dear cousin, you have given me a notion that I think I shall carry out. It is a shame to be so dependent on others. Why shouldn't I make my dress myself? No one need know of the att mpt unless it proves a success. I could cut it from the one I am now wearing, which is a perfect fit! I believe I have 'gumption' enough, as Ivor calls it, to arrange the draperies; and I have made too many clothes for poor children not to be able to work neatly and fast."

No sooner determined than attempted.

While her cousins went for their daily walk, Zoe locked herself in her chamber, studied the dress she proposed to imitate, cut patterns, tacked the material together, and then, in a flutter of excitement, "tried on" before her glass, and surveyed the result of her first efforts.

She clapped her hands joyfully. So far all was well, and she might yet hope to dance her bilthost in the great marquee at Lady Longhurst's.

It is true that there would be many weary stitches to be set, and if her attempt was to be kept a secret her work must be done at night while others slept.

But this was not allowed to damp Zoe's ardor. By the agency of a good-humored, if very stupid housemaid, she obtained an excellent lamp, and all the materials she required for her task.

It would be a fatiguing one, but then she had two clear nights to devote to it, and could easily snatch a nap in the day to atone for the wakefulness of the small hours.

Behold her then—as soon as Jean, who loved a gossip while she brushed her hair, could be persuaded to go to bed and leave her in peace.

With the bolt slipped, the lamp turned up till it shone brightly, the table covered with shining breadths of palest heliotrope and heaps of cloudy tulle; she changed her gown for a loose *robe de chambre*, and commenced.

Once a slip of the scissors put a whole breadth of the shimmering silk in jeopardy, and once the inexperience of the dressmaker caused an error that it took some time and ingenuity to rectify.

But Zoe had patience as well as energy, and had the gratification of knowing—when she threw herself on the bed to snatch an hour's rest—that her work was well advanced.

By this time she was excessively tired, her head and eyes, her back and fingers aching to such a degree that she felt confused and dizzy; and—but this might arise

from excessive fatigue during the last hour of her vigil—she was tormented with a fancy that someone was watching her.

She heard, or thought she heard, all kinds of strange sounds, as if stealthy footsteps crept across the floor; she could even hear the said footsteps fall upon the identical board that often creaked beneath her own, and so startling was this conviction that her work dropped in her lap, and she looked fearfully around, expecting to see a burglar emerge from some dark corner.

But there was not one large enough to conceal a full-grown villain; and when, in a fit of desperation, she drew aside her curtains to ascertain what gruesome creature was hiding behind them, the daylight poured into the room and banished all her terrors.

After a nap and a bath she could laugh at the fears that had then oppressed her, and having carefully put the dress out of sight, she went to breakfast in her usual spirits.

That her eyes were heavy she could not conceal; and both Ivor and his mother looked anxious till Zoe's gay laughter and excellent appetite relieved their uneasiness.

It revived again when, in the course of the day, she was found curled up like a kitten on one of the couches, and sleeping as profoundly.

Feverish Mrs. Lennox pronounced her when she saw Zoe's flushed cheek, and her son agreed with her that it was quite as well that the delicate, sensitive young creature, whom they watched over all the more lovingly because she was motherless, would not be exposed to the fatigue and excitement of Lady Longhurst's dance.

Zoe herself, rested and refreshed by that sleep, longed for the coming of that night that she might proceed with her task.

Before commencing it, however, she looked under the bed, behind the garments hanging in her wardrobe, and in the light closet that held her books; and having satisfied herself that no one could possibly be concealed in the room, went gaily to work.

Midnight sounded on the old clock in the hall; everyone in the house had retired long since, and for many long hours the house was as silent as if death reigned in it instead of slumber.

Yet presently her terrors revived, for again those cautious footsteps came nearer and nearer, crossing the creaking board, and pausing so close to Zoe's chair that she cast a scared glance over her shoulder, almost expecting to find some one standing behind her chair.

"Rats," she told herself, valorously, "it can only be rats; they always do abound in these old houses."

And then she absorbed herself in the interesting question of box-pleats versus gathers; and as this involved pinning the folds of the draperies in two or three different ways, and deciding which would be most effective, Zoe contrived to be too busy for the next half hour to think of aught else.

But when she sat down again to run together sundry breadths of silk, only the occasional click of her thimble against her needle disturbing the silence, she found herself listening almost breathlessly, and her pulse quickened at the slightest sound.

Before long she had discovered that the suppressed noises were real enough; and whether caused by rats or no, were most distinctly audible on that side of the apartment to which her back had been turned.

She faced it now, and found herself *vis-a-vis* with an old-fashioned half-length oil painting of an ancestress of Mrs. Lennox.

To please her it had been allowed to remain where in some bygone generation loving hands had hung it, just above a curiously-carved old table used by Zoe as a stand for her desk, work-box and various odds and ends accumulated since leaving school.

Dulled by time, and never beautiful enough to be attractive, this picture had not won much attention from Zoe till now that the wildest of all her fancies suddenly took possession of her.

The portrait was looking at her—positively gazing at her where she sat!

She half rose from her chair to escape it by flight, then sat down again, ashamed of such childish folly, and forced herself to look at the picture boldly, steadily.

It was but a piece of painted canvas after all, and giving herself a little shake, she tried to resume her occupation.

However, she could not resist casting furtive glances in that direction, and ere long she was seized with a conviction that the picture was breathing.

Aye! and the eyes were living ones, for they followed her movements as she tottered to her feet—they were living eyes, for the light of her lamp shone upon them, and gleamed in them, as she retreated, knocking over the chair from which she had risen.

The portrait itself began to move, to be swayed in its frame; and Zoe stopped to see no more. Uttering wild cries for help, she rushed to the door—with great difficulty succeeded in opening it—and flew along the corridor to drop, faint and spent, into the arms of Ivor Lennox.

She remembered nothing more till she heard a voice—his—saying:

"She is better, mother. See! the color is coming back to her lips. My poor love! my own darling, speak to us; speak to me!"

And then Ivor's lips were pressed to hers so passionately as to lead to the discovery that she was lying on his breast, held there with the fond clasp of a declared lover.

"What does it all mean? Where am I? and—but, oh!—that picture! It breathed! It moved! It looked at me! Don't laugh, please," added Zoe piteously, "for it is true, it is indeed."

"And here stands the culprit, love," said Mrs. Lennox, in her cheerful accents. "Sit up and look at her. While you have been insensible, Ivor and I have found out all about it."

All about it! Zoe permitted herself to be partially raised, and saw that the stupid, but good-natured housemaid was crying in a corner. What connection had Rachael with the old portrait.

"I didn't mean to frit ye, miss; as true as I'm here I didn't!" sobbed Rachael; "but I knowed you must be up to somethin', by your wanting the big lamp, and locking yourself in; and it made me curious like to find out what 'twas. And there's a sliding panel behind that picture into the passage leading to the back stairs; an' I thought it would be no harm when I got up to do my work—and I'm always up long before the other maids—and so I pept" (peeped) "in, first through a crack, and then through two little holes in the eyes of the pictur——"

"Which I bored in the wicked days of my boyhood, when that room was mine," said Ivor.

"An' it was so pretty to watch you at work, miss," Rachael went on, "that I kept a-looking and a-looking, till I see you turn white, and start back, and——"

"There, that will do," interposed Mrs. Lennox. "Recollect you are never to play the spy again. Now run away and make Miss Granger some coffee, while she explains to us how she came to be at work at such unearthly hours."

This Zoe did, between laughing and crying, asking, in her turn, how Ivor came so opportunely to her assistance.

"I had discovered late the previous night, while smoking in the garden, that a light was burning in your room. Fearing that you were ill, I could not be content to go to rest, and had just roused my mother and imparted my fears to her, when your door opened and you flew screaming towards me."

Here Mrs. Lennox went away to pacify the alarm of her daughters, who had been awakened by the disturbance, and Zoe bashfully withdrew herself from Ivor's embrace.

"Here you have a text for another lecture," she cried, hysterically. "My love of dress has led to all this commotion. If I were not so frivolous, etc., etc."

But Ivor was looking too grave and troubled to enter into any jesting.

"Zoe, I never meant to tell you how dearly I love you."

"That sounds complimentary, monsieur."

"I am only a farmer, and you a rean heiress. It would be dishonorable to woo the ward of my mother. I cannot—must not do it. What would the world think of me?"

"And for such scruples you would desert me, and make me unhappy? Oh, Ivor!"

That reproachful exclamation was irresistible, and love proved stronger than Mrs. Grundy. With a little assistance from her cousins, Zoe's dress was finished, and she appeared in it at Lady Longhurst's dance, in the new character of a betrothed bride.

Rachael has not only been forgiven, but taken into the household of the young couple; and the picture through which she "pept" was formally presented to her by the amused bridegroom on his wedding-day, to the immense gratification of the handmaiden, who considers herself, not Zoe, the heroine of the story connected with it.

FACING DEATH.

Count Leo Tolstoi, in "Sebastopol," thus describes the fall of a shell: "To earth!" shouted a voice. Mikailoff and Praskoukine obeyed. The latter with shut eyes, heard the shell fall somewhere on the hard earth very near him. A second, which appeared to him an hour, passed and the shell did not burst.

Praskoukine was frightened; then he asked himself what cause he had to fear. Perhaps it had fallen further away, and he wrongly imagined that he had heard the fuse hissing near him. Opening his eyes he was satisfied to see Mikailoff stretched motionless at his feet, but at the same time he perceived, a yard off, the lighted fuse of the shell spinning round like a top.

A glacial terror, which stifled every sentiment, every thought, took possession of his soul. He hid his face in his hands. Another second passed, during which a whole world of sensations, and of souvenirs passed through his mind.

"Whom will it kill? Me or Mikailoff, or, indeed, both of us together? It is I; where will it hit me? If in the head, it will be all over; if on the foot, they will cut it off. Then I shall insist that they give me chloroform, and I may get well. Perhaps Mikailoff alone will be killed, and later I will tell how we were close together, and how I was covered with his blood. No, no; it is nearer me; it will be I!"

Then he remembers the twelve roubles he owed Mikailoff and another debt left at Petersburg, which he ought to have paid long ago. A Bohemian air that he sang the evening before came to his mind. He also saw, in his imagination, the lady he was in love with, in her lilac-trimmed bonnet; the man who had insulted him five years before, and whom he had never taken vengeance on.

But in the midst of these and other souvenirs, the present feeling—the expectation of death—did not leave him. "Perhaps it isn't going to explode!" he thought, and was on the point of opening his eyes with desperate boldness. But at this instant a red fire struck his eyeballs through the closed lids; something hit him in the middle of the chest with a terrible crash. He ran forward at random, entangled his feet in his sword, stumbled, and fell on his side.

"Heaven be praised, I am only bruised!" This was his first thought, and he wanted to feel his breast, but his hands seemed as if they were tied. A vice gripped his head, soldiers ran before his eyes, and he mechanically counted them:

"One, two, three soldiers, and, besides, an officer, who is losing his cloak."

A new light flashed; he wondered what had fired. Was it a mortar or a cannon? Doubtless a cannon. Another shot—more soldiers—five, six, seven. They passed in front of him, and suddenly he became terribly afraid of being crushed by them.

He wanted to cry out to say that he was bruised, but his lips were dry; his tongue was glued to the roof of his mouth. He had a burning thirst. He felt that his breast was damp, and the sensation of this moisture made him think of water. He would have liked to drink that which drenched him.

"I must have knocked the skin off in falling," he said to himself, more and more frightened at the idea of being crushed by the soldiers who were running in crowds before him. He tried to cry out, "Take me!" but, instead of that, he uttered a groan so terrible that he was frightened at himself.

Then red sparks danced before his eyes—it seemed as if the soldiers were piling stones on him. The sparks danced more rapidly; the stones stifled him more and more. He stretched himself out; he ceased to see, to hear, to think, to feel.

He had been killed almost instantly by a piece of shell striking him full in the breast.

MAKING OLD YOUNG.

It has often struck us that playgoers scarcely adequately realise the extraordinary mechanical ingenuity displayed in the production of many of the pieces of late years presented to the public. Take, for instance, the fairy spectacle, entitled "King Carrot."

In it there was a scene in which an old magician was dismembered in the presence of the audience. The situation was this:

An aged sorcerer, in order to be rejuvenated, requests his friends to cut him into pieces, and throw him bit by bit into a red-hot oven; after which process he expects to come out a young man. His wishes are complied with; he is put piecemeal into the furnace without his leaving the stage or ceasing to talk.

Seated in an arm-chair, the old man asks that a large volume shall be brought in and laid on a table in front of him. The book, on being placed in the required position, becomes immediately vivified; living gnomes issue from the pictures on its pages and skip about the stage; after which they re-enter the book, and it is closed and carried away.

Then the legs and arms of the magician are cut off and thrown into the furnace; next he is decapitated, and his head is placed on the table, where it continues talking, giving instructions with regard to the trunk. After this the head is cast into the oven, which bursts open with a loud report, and a young and handsome man comes out of it.

The transformation is so ingeniously effected that the manner in which it is executed is incomprehensible to the ordinary spectator. This is the way in which the feat is accomplished:

When the volume is placed on the table, the sorcerer, seated in the armchair, quietly withdraws his legs from sight, placing them on a trap beneath the level of the stage; at the same time he slips his arms under his loose gown, *papier-mache* limbs being substituted in both instances for the real ones. This is done whilst the attention of the audience is diverted to the book and its animated pictures, which are little boys who come up from underneath the stage, through holes in the table and book, which is furnished with india-rubber springs, which close directly the gnomes have emerged from the volume.

After the magician's legs and arms have been taken off and thrown into the fire, nothing is left but his trunk and his head. The latter is a mask which fits the actor's face, leaving nothing visible but his lips and eyes. One of the persons on the stage lays at the magician's head until he pulls it off—that is to say, he removes the mask. As this is being done, the sorcerer has sunk down a trap, and he rises again through the table.

The performer, with his head inserted in the mask, continues to talk, giving instructions with respect to the disposition of the trunk, which remains in the chair. Finally, the artificial head and the trunk, which are also of papier mache, are thrown into the furnace. The magician in the meanwhile has reascended by means of another trap farther back, slipping on a rich dress on the way; and when the oven bursts, the old man steps forth rejuvenated.

Tuis Japanese are extremely superstitious, and have innumerable signs and tokens by which they regulate their conduct and beliefs. At a marriage-ceremony bride and bridegroom wear no clothing of a purple color, lest their marriage-tie be soon loosed, as purple is the color most liable to fade.

In ancient days in Spain the dead were robed, according to their sex, in the garb of monk or nun, and thus buried, a practice which gave rise to the present dictum, "Only nuns and monks die in Spain."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Three little girls were coasting in Parker's Glen, N. Y., on a hill that took them on to the Erie Railway track. On one of their trips they struck the track as a train was approaching around a curve within a few yards of them. Two of the children jumped off the track, but their companion got entangled in her sled rope and could not get off. An instant later and she would probably have been crushed by the locomotive, but the other girls ran back and, grabbing the rope, dragged the imperiled child off the rails just as the engine swept by. The sleigh was broken into splinters, and so narrow was the escape of the little girl that her hair ribbon was caught on the engine and torn from her hair.

From Detroit, Michigan, comes a story to the effect that Chief of Police Baines, of Windsor, having "spotted" three criminals on a train en route to Leamington, telegraphed to the latter place, which "was at once thrown into a furor of excitement. Citizens were sworn in as special officers, the bank hired men to guard the vaults, people were seen on the streets bearing arms, and the whole town had the appearance of being in a state of siege." It so happened that three eminently respectable gentlemen who were on the train got off at Leamington, while the "crooks," whoever they were, did not, and the visitors, being mistaken for the other trio, met with a very cold reception, even the hotel keepers refusing them rooms. Their identity was finally established, however, and they returned to Detroit "sadder, but wiser men."

A furniture dealer, according to a Southern exchange, tells a story about a woman who ordered a cosy chair of a peculiar pattern, which he subsequently made and sent to her house. She examined it carefully and critically, finally remarking that it suited her exactly, with one exception—it was too soft. She had the man take the chair back to be made a trifle harder, and it was returned to the store and put aside. Nothing was done to it, but after the lapse of about a week the chair was sent out again. The customer again examined it, and this time the chair was too hard. She was sorry, "but when she paid so much to get an article for her own comfort, she wanted it about right," so she sent it back to the store for another change. The chair was again put aside for a week or ten days, and sent out for the third time without having a particle of change made. This time it was just right. She took the chair, paid for it, and was sorry it had not suited her at first.

The Gaulois newspaper in France has discovered yet "another of those Englishmen, how they are bizarre!" This time it is Sir William Dragge, who, it appears, hailed a cab at Brighton about a year ago, and told the driver to take him to the pier, off which Sir Dragge had his yacht. He told the cabman to wait for him, meaning to cruise about off Brighton for an hour or two; but, changing his mind, he determined to go round the world. The cabman waited and waited, and finding that his "fare" did not come back, he obtained leave from the municipality to erect a shelter for himself and his horse. Here he waited for more than a twelvemonth, when Sir Dragge returned with his yacht and was not at all surprised to find the cabman waiting for him. "How much do I owe you?" he said; and upon the cabman handing him a bill for $1860, he tore a check out of his book, filled it up for the amount, and told the man to drive him to his hotel. To illustrate the extortionate character of cabmen, the Gaulois adds that the man asked Sir Dragge for his fare from the pier to the hotel.

Twenty years ago, two maiden ladies, daughters of a English clergyman, were left orphans and poor. One was forty, the other a little older. They were ladies, with the training of ladies of their time, which, after all, was not so unlike ours. They could play the piano and paint on plush, but they were too old and too well behaved to teach. They could perhaps have found shelter in a home for decayed gentlewomen, or been a burden on their friends. But they did something better. With the very little money they had, they left their village home and settled themselves in the outskirts of London. It was but a few hundred dollars, but it sufficed for their project and support till that project was a success. They set up a laundry. They had women for the rough work; but the clear starching and fine ironing went through their own delicate hands through the first years. They kept the accounts, collected bills, in brief, furnished the brains needed for a business enterprise. At the end of ten years they had a neat home, a large business and a certainty of provision for old age.

A cow was butchered in La Crosse, Wis., the other day, and when the contents of the stomach were examined there were found a silver quarter of a dollar, two one-inch wood screws, six carpet tacks, twenty-three shingle nails, two large knitting needles and one street railway spike three inches long.

Pain masters the mind—health is the secret of power. Who can expect to be a master-mind in business, or hold positions of trust, who is daily losing health and strength with a hacking cough? Cure it with Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy. It is a certain cure. Fifty cents and $1.

Our Young Folks.

MADAME'S DILEMMA.

BY C. D. FOWLER.

MAY was far advanced, and Madame Cochin had not brought off her brood. She was very much offended when she found herself hustled and chased; when the cosy nest she made for herself in the wood-stack was discovered, and her beautiful eggs carried off just when she had completed the set. She could not possibly tell that Lucy Wild was keeping her back till the weather was warmer to give her a setting of ducks' eggs.

Now these fowls lived in a perfect chicken paradise. The grounds, which were large and wooded, sloped steeply down to the edge of the sea—not the open sea, but a sunny, calm creek, where yachts were laid up in the winter, and white-sailed boats floated gaily in the summer.

The hens were not shut up; they could roam freely over the grassy slopes and through the half-wild shrubberies. And though they often tried their owner's patience terribly by scratching up the newly-sown grass seed or biting off the heads of the first crocuses, they were still allowed to wander where they chose, because the life seemed to agree so well with them.

Eggs were plentiful, and the young broods strong and numerous. Two of them brought off families of sixteen each to exhibit triumphantly in the back yard. All this was very trying to Madame Cochin, and she was becoming more and more morose and bad-tempered, when at last her troubles came to an end. For Lucy Wild set her on thirteen particularly fine eggs—the biggest she had ever seen.

Patiently she sat for three weeks, and being a hen of experience, was astonished to find no chickens appear at the end of the time. It was too dreadful. Madame Cochin had never addled her eggs before; and yet how was she to account otherwise for the state of things?

The other hens, especially Mrs. Topknot, the black Spanish hen, who was always envious, came and condoled with her, and that was harder to bear than anything.

Day after day passed by. Madame Cochin still sat on, though her comb was pale with anxiety, when at last, at the end of the fourth week, the eggs cracked, and five balls of golden fluff, with flat yellow bills and yellow gloves on their feet, came out of the shells. Only five! It was a terrible shock at first to Madame Cochin; but very soon the sense of disappointment was quite lost in pride at the uncommon appearance of her babies.

"It all comes of high rank," she remarked, loftily, drawing the attention of Mrs. Topknot to her children.

The black hen pretended to agree; but she looked out of the side of her eye, and remarked to her friend Mrs. Dorking that she never knew good come of being better than your neighbors.

"And pray, what is the matter with their feet?" asked Mrs. Dorking, winking at Mrs. Topknot.

"Chickens of high rank are born with gloves on," replied Madame Cochin, scornfully. "But it is natural you should not know that."

However, the black hen and her friend were not to be put down so, and they went to see the creek about it. Now the creek [illegible] knew, but we won't have known it [illegible] for the world. So the hens [illegible] and their chickens said it was not [illegible] hens to know too much.

Madame Cochin was not at all cast down at these unkind remarks. The next morning she led her five for a walk all the way down to the shore, and was quite astonished to see how they took to the damp seaweed on the edge of the creek.

The tide was low, and the creek was nearly dry; so the little family wandered farther and farther from the shady shore, pattering over the soft surface with their yellow gloves, and running their flat bills through the green ooze, while Madame Cochin followed them, clucking with pride.

Not very far from the shore lay a big flat-topped stone, used sometimes as an anchor for small boats. Around this stone the green ooze was particularly damp and delightful, and Madame Cochin found so many little worms and sand-hoppers waiting to be eaten, that her attention was entirely distracted from the rising tide.

The water rose rapidly, creeping nearer and nearer the shore. But Madame Cochin clucked on, and her children dabbled peacefully. Suddenly she felt her feet be[illegible] and saw that [illegible] another place a tiny ripple of water washed over them. If she had started at once for the shore all would have been well; but Madame Cochin completely lost her presence of mind, and clucking wildly to her family to follow, scrambled up on to the big stone with a flutter and a jump.

The big [illegible] looking [illegible] to notice of their mother's [illegible] but followed almost as [illegible] water [illegible] perfectly [illegible] out. A little [illegible] they were [illegible] off their feet [illegible] They swam round and round [illegible] diving [illegible] and [illegible] the water. Madame Cochin paused every minute in her piteous cries for help to gaze at them in astonishment, mixed with pride.

The water rose and rose; but the worlds of the distressed hen brought down all the fowls from the yard, and soon the shore was lined with distracted hens, flapping their wings and screaming aloud—"She'll be drowned! she'll be drowned! the water is coming up fast!"

Madame Cochin was now in terrible peril, for when the tide was high her little platform was many feet under water. Even now the water was beginning to wash over the top of the stone. But help was at hand. The gardener, attracted by the noise the fowls were making, came down to see what was the matter, and in an instant perceived the critical position of the poor hen. He ran down to the landing-place, loosed a little boat from its moorings, and jumping in, rowed out to the stone. Just as he got there Madame Cochin was dislodged from her stand by a rush of water over the stone, and he was only just in time to seize her by one wing as she was going under.

She lay in the bottom of the boat quite exhausted with the terror she had gone through; and when the shore was reached walked slowly round to join her friends with ruffled feathers and dejected air.

The strange brood returned to the shore, quite unconcerned, when they were tired of swimming about, not the least disturbed at their poor mother's narrow escape.

"You can see they are not chickens at all, they are ducklings," said the cook, scornfully.

For once he knew something about it; and poor Madame Cochin was too crestfallen to make any answer.

"MONKEY."

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

HE was the most troublesome boy in the hospital. They called him "Monkey" because he was always in mischief, and he well deserved the name.

Nurse Faith said that when he was in the ward she was obliged to be always on the watch, for there was no knowing what he would do next.

Monkey was a little Italian organ-grinder, and his real name was Adrian.

Some weeks before the lad had been run over in the street. He was badly hurt, but he got better in a wonderful way, and surprised every one.

"He had so much life in him—that's what it was," the doctor said. As soon as he was able to get up he showed still more what an amount of life there was in him.

If Nurse Faith left the ward for one minute, when she came back she was sure to find a child crying or a child laughing, and it was always Monkey's fault.

At last he got so much better that the doctors said he might be sent out, and really the nurses were not very sorry.

For two days after his departure peace reigned in the children's ward.

On the third day, just as the children were having tea, the door was flung open, and a small boy ran quickly up to one of the empty beds, and before any one had time even to say "Jack Robinson," that small boy was under the bedclothes.

Of course it was Monkey. Nurse Faith went at once up to the bed to ask the meaning of this strange conduct, but she had only time to say, "It is really you, Adrian?" when the ward door was once more opened, and this time a tall dark Italian pushed his way into the room.

He walked straight up to the bedside, and taking no notice of the nurse, at once began speaking in Italian in a very loud voice to the boy under the bedclothes.

At first the boy took no notice, but when the man said something more, and began to pull him out of bed, Adrian jumped up and threw his arms round Nurse Faith's neck.

"O, do keep me, don't let him have me!" he cried. "I will be so good!"

Nurse Faith turned from the child to the man, not knowing what to say.

"He ran away from me," said the man, "and he must come back home again. I am his father."

Adrian burst out crying.

"Well, let him stay here one more night," said Nurse Faith, feeling that there was something wrong somewhere, and that she ought to protect the child.

The man frowned; and then thinking it would be best to give way, said sullenly,—

"Very well, only to-morrow morning I come for you, Adrian, and you had better come quietly."

When he was gone Nurse Faith managed gradually to calm the excited boy.

She got him to bed, and gave him some tea, and then, when he was comforted and rested, gently questioned him and talked to him, until she had learned all he himself knew of his own story.

The man, he declared, was not his father—not his father. Long, long, ago, he remembered living in Italy with his own father and mother.

They were so happy, but they were very poor, and when the man told him that he would take him to a place where he would earn plenty of money he had left home and gone with the man.

He had soon found out his mistake. The Italian treated him very badly, often beating him, and not giving him enough to eat.

Then the accident had happened, and Adrian had been so happy in the hospital, and so miserable when he left it, that he had run away to try to get back there once more.

With many sobs and tears, at last the whole story was told, and Adrian begged the nurse not to give him up to the Italian again.

Nurse Faith promised to do the best she could. After much persuading Adrian told her that the Italian's name was Jacobi, and that he lived close to the hospital.

When Adrian dropped off to sleep, and as soon as Nurse Faith could leave the ward she put on her bonnet and cloak and made her way to Jacobi's lodging.

The Italian was from home, and she was unable to see him; but she found out a great deal about him from the neighbors.

When the next morning came Adrian was looking very white and very frightened. Nurse Faith assured him that he should not be given up to the Italian, but the boy said it was no good, as he knew Jacobi would get him somehow.

However, the morning passed away, and there was no sign of the Italian. The afternoon went by and no Jacobi appeared.

Several mornings and afternoons flew by, but Jacobi was seen no more, and it was found that he had left his lodgings. He had evidently come to the conclusion that it would be best to keep out of the way and leave the boy alone.

The question was what was to become of Adrian.

He could not be sent home, because Nurse Faith did not know where to send him, and he could not stay in the hospital.

At last it was decided that he should go to a Home for Orphans, and there accordingly he was sent.

He was very happy, and Nurse Faith did not forget him, but often went down to see him.

Two years later, as Nurse Faith was walking one evening through one of the men's wards, one of the other nurses asked her to look at a new patient, who had had a bad accident, and had only been brought into the hospital a few hours before.

Nurse Faith walked to the bedside. The man was big and dark, so dark that one could tell at a glance that he was not English. As Nurse Faith watched him, somehow she seemed to recognise his face.

At once she lifted her eyes to the name over his bed. There it was in plain letters, "Jacobi."

Just then the man opened his eyes. He was quite conscious, and as he caught sight of the nurse's face he too seemed to recognise her. He stared at her, and then murmured "Adrian."

So after all Nurse Faith was able to find out all about Adrian from Jacobi, and not long afterwards he was sent back to his own country, and to the mother who thought she had lost her boy for ever.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE.

I THINK it may interest some of our little readers to hear how we furnished our dolls' house.

To begin with, we had a small house with four rooms, and each room had a glass window facing the front. Behind were two big doors which opened wide, and allowed us space to play with the dolls, and arrange the rooms.

The roof to our house was painted slate color. This you can easily do yourself, as you can buy a pot of paint for a small sum at any glazier's.

First let me tell you about the *drawing-room*.

The best way to begin is to paper the walls. Most little people, if they pay a visit to the lumber-room of their own big house, will find scraps of paper that the workmen have left behind them. This was what we did, and very pretty pieces we found. Then persuade the cook to give you some paste (not too thick), and you will find that your paper will go nice and smoothly on your walls.

The next thing is the floor. Now we could not find anything pretty enough to make the carpet of, so we stained our floor, in the way now so much in fashion. This is easily done by mixing a little brown paint with some gum.

Some little pieces of curious-colored cretonne with the ends and sides frayed out make most pretty wee mats, and when placed carelessly on the floor give just the right effect.

A cheap box of dolls' furniture is quite good enough, because if you stuff the chairs with cotton-wool, and then cover them with odd scraps of plush or velvet, they look quite as well as those bought at four shillings or five shillings the box.

If you happen to have any broken chairs with only the back off, you can use them by making them into tables. Perhaps you may have by you some old valentine boxes covered with paper which looks like watered silk. Cut a square, or a round, and gum it to the seat of your chair. Then paint the whole dark brown, and it has the effect of mahogany.

Hang up some light muslin curtains, and with a little fireplace your room is complete. Christmas cards make very pretty pictures for your walls. And if you can possibly get them with figures on them, they look like the portraits of bygone generations of the people to whom your house belongs. You can paint a black or gold border, so as to look like frames.

Dining-room.—You can manage this room much in the same way as the drawing-room, only it is better to carpet the floor. A dark-colored cretonne is best, canvas worked in cross-stitch is nice, but it is difficult to make it keep flat. One big table instead of little ones, and the chairs arranged round it. We used to make our dining-room table-cloths of small pieces of old table-napkins, which, being real damask, looked very smart.

Kitchen.—The kitchen floor looks well if painted in red—to look like bricks; and a cheap box of wooden furniture can be bought. You can get a fireplace with an oven for a very moderate price. You can buy knives and forks in a little basket for a dime, and sets of tea-things for less.

Bed-room.—Very good beds can be made by using small boxes, with wire going up in the form of an arch, and over this drape muslin tied back with colored ribbons. You can buy pretty cots at a good toy-shop; and tables, fireplace, and chairs should be just the same as in the other rooms. Also you must get a towel-horse, bath, water-can.

Patterns of towels are often sent from shops. Get some of these, as they will do beautifully for your bed-room.

We had a tiny hall to our house. Some printed patterns of oilcloth which we got from our mother made our hall quite complete.

You can buy penny dolls, which suit the size of the house very well. A stiff petticoat is best with thin material for the dress, or else they look clumsy.

Of course, you will dress the servants in print, with white aprons, and the ladies in bits of muslin, silk, etc.

When we wanted a bigger dolls' house we made extra rooms by means of cardboard supported by string at the sides, so as to make two rooms.

WHAT BECAME OF THE PERCH.—"Do not go so far away, children; come back, come back!" cried Mrs. Perch, in a warning voice. "Keep in the river where it is always deep and safe, and don't swim out into the shallow water."

"Oh! but, mother, why should we stay here when there is the whole world to roam in? See, everything is covered with water."

"Nonsense, child, nonsense! it is nothing of the kind; there has been a heavy rain, and the river has overflowed its banks, that is all."

"Oh! let us go, mother," pleaded the children; "there is plenty of water for us to swim in, and everybody else is going."

"But who knows whether you will ever come back!" replied Mrs. Perch, shaking her head wisely. "What is water to-day may be green fields to-morrow, and then where will you be, my dears? Gasping out your little lives on the grass, without one drop to cool your poor dry tongues. No, no; stay quietly in the river with me."

The young perch looked unhappy, and swam moodily to and fro, longing to dart away into the broad expanse of water which stretched out on either side. Just then a large jack came sailing pompously along, and as he passed the others he said in his deep bass voice:

"What are you young things waiting for? Come, come; don't bury your talents in a hole when the world lies before you. Everybody is drowned, and we shall never be interfered with again. Don't waste any time; come along!" and with a majestic whisk of his tail he swam onwards.

"Do not believe him; he does not know anything about it," cried Mrs. Perch anxiously. "Stay with me, children, I entreat you!" But she spoke to deaf ears, for all the young perch were rushing frantically after the jack, and she was left alone.

Away, away, as fast as they could swim, to take possession of the kingdom of waters; was it not true that the whole world was theirs?

But alas for the beautiful dream! it lasted but a few short days, and then sad was the fate of those who had put their faith in it.

The floods subsided as rapidly as they had risen; the fields in their emerald mantles became once more visible; and the little perch, not having time to get back to the river, all died for lack of water.

THE TORTURE OF THE WHEEL.—The method of torturing criminals by what was called "the wheel" is said to have been first used in Germany, in the fourteenth century. The unfortunate criminal was laid upon a large cart-wheel, his legs and arms extended and fastended to the spokes, and in that position, as the wheel was turned round, his limbs were broken by successive blows with an iron bar.

In France, where the wheel was only used to punish criminals of the most atrocious sort, the wretched victim was first bound to a frame of wood in the form of a St. Andrew's cross—that is, two bars of equal length, laid crosswise, like an X. Grooves were cut transversely in these bars, above and below the knees and elbows, and the executioner struck the limbs of the victim eight blows, so as to break them in these places.

Sometimes he finished his work by striking the criminal two or three blows on the chest or stomach, which usually put an end to the sufferer's life, and therefore were called blows of mercy. The criminal was then unbound, and, if he still lived, was laid upon a small wheel, with his legs and arms doubled under him, to expire.

The punishment of the wheel was abolished in France at the Revolution.

In Germany it has been occasionally inflicted during the present century for crimes of treason and parricide.

ON "calls" in winter, a physician writes: "Ladies run about town in full street costume, dropping in upon a friend or acquaintance now and then to exchange gossip or to spy out the land, determining to make only a short stop at each place. But often they are tempted to stay for a longer time; then intending, of course, to go every minute, they do not remove wraps, but sit in heaviest of clothing beside the hostess in an indoor gown."

I call that mind free which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong-doing, which no menace or peril can enthral, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself though all else be lost.

CHANGE.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

I.

But yesterday the skies were bright;
The burning kisses of the sun
Made earth and heaven seem as one,
Knit in a marriage-bond of light.

The scent of roses on the air
Hung like a vapor; straight and tall,
The gladiolus smote the wall;
The lily quivered faint and fair.

The leaves scarce moved against the sky,
O'er which no cloud might dare to pass;
The gold bees hung about the grass,
And bells were chiming joyously.

II.

The rack drives darkly o'er the sky,
An icy moisture loads the air;
The poppies are no longer fair,
And faded is their scarlet dye.

The rose-leaves drop upon the ground
Like rifled gems that strew the mould;
The lily hides its heart of gold,
And homeless winds go sighing round.

Where the red blooms the glad wave kist
The mist lies heavy as a pall;
And, with prolonged drear echoing fall,
A bell is tolling in the mist.

MARRIAGE AND MOURNING.

Rings have always held a prominent place in the estimation of human beings, as ornaments, pledges, tokens, or badges of remembrance, and many have been the devices and shapes brought into requisition in their formation, corresponding with the sentiments they have been made to symbolize.

As love tokens they have, of course, mostly been used, though mourning rings, and rings worn as a reminder of some vow, have been and still are worn. But by far the most popular use of the ring has been, and is, in connection with betrothal and marriage. From time immemorial, when men and women have plighted their troth, a ring has been the token, either exchanged by both, or given by the lover to his mistress, as a sign of their engagement.

An ancient engagement ring, which served a three-fold purpose, of most ingenious shape and form, was known as the gimmal, or linked ring. One such ring was composed of three circles of gold, so constructed that, when closed, it represented a solid ring, with the device in front of two hands clasping a heart, but capable of being opened and split apart, so that three rings were made of one.

At the betrothal ceremony in which a gimmal was used, the two outer rings were taken by the contracting parties, each having one hand, and the centre, or notched ring was retained by the witness of the bond, who, at the time appointed, delivered up the connecting link which was then attached to the two outside pieces, and used as a marriage ring at the religious ceremony.

Wedding rings, at this period, were not the plain bar of gold they are now; sometimes they were adorned with precious stones, but more frequently the clasped hands and heart symbolized the significance of the marriage state, and posies or words engraven inside breathed an appropriate sentiment respecting the token. Here is one singularly suitable to a wedding ring, adorned with clasped hands: "Not two but one, till life be gone."

In some places the wedding ring was an heirloom in the family passing down from mother to daughter, from generation to generation, the mother surrendering the ring to the first girl of her family who married.

The fourth finger of the left hand, counting the thumb as the first, has, among most nations, been chosen as the wedding finger, owing to a popular belief that a nerve in this particular finger communicated directly with the heart.

This finger was also, for the same reason, held to possess mystic powers in healing, and still is used by some people in stirring up medicine or like potions, a relic of the old Greek and Roman belief that no poison or noxious element in a draught could escape detection when agitated by this finger, which would immediately discover the unfriendly element" by means of a warning spasm communicated by the heart.

Most of us know someone who has had a certain sum of money left him by will wherewith to buy a mourning ring, a custom, by-the-bye, not nearly so much in vogue now as it was some years ago. It is needless to remark that fashion has had a hand in the design and shape of these tokens, just as she has in betrothal and wedding rings; she was ever a fickle jade, and must have change.

A short time ago it was the custom to purchase a broad gold circlet, heavily coated with black enamel in parts, and engraved with the words, "In Memoriam," on the outside. Later, plenteous supplies of black enamel testified to the class of ring, while pearls or diamonds enlightened the gloomy look of the circlet. But there was a time when realism carried the idea to far sterner length, in the mourning rings embellished with a significant death's head and cross bones.

For about a hundred years, beginning in the middle of the sixteenth century, the practice of engraving a motto or posy in the inside of love-token rings was very popular.

We have already noticed one peculiarly appropriate to the clasped hands rings. Here is another suitable to a heart-adorned trinket: "My heart and I, until I die." A third very favourite inscription was the one so suggestive of valentines and bookmarkers: "When this you see remember me."

Then there is a trio of short ones, wedding-posies: "Our contract was Heaven's act," "In thee, my choice, I do rejoice," "God above, increase our love," whereby we gather that rhyme was aimed at, if not always satisfactorily achieved, in these efforts.

The wits of the day made the composition of posies a serious business, though it would appear that the custom did not find favor with genuine poets.

This is how Shakspeare makes Hamlet satirize them, when he speaks to the play actors about their tragedy: "Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?" Again, in the "Merchant of Venice," Gratiano thus explains the cause of his quarrel with Nerissa:

> "About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
> That she did give me; whose posy was
> For all the world like cutlers' poetry
> Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

THE pleasures which are usually craved are those just beyond or barely within reach, and the painful efforts to grasp them often counteract the delight they are supposed to impart. Meanwhile, a thousand unutilized sources of pleasure are unconsciously trodden under foot in the hot pursuit. Men, for instance, postpone all thought of happiness until they get rich; then, they say, they will begin to enjoy life; but all the time life itself is slipping away, cheated of its natural and reasonable pleasures, and, either their dream of wealth is never realized, or, if it is, too often the power of enjoyment is gone.

Grains of Gold.

The best prophet of the future is the past.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

The burden becomes light which is cheerfully borne.

Men give away nothing so liberally as their advice.

There can be no Christianity where there is no charity.

Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastening.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.

Affectation hides three times as many virtues as charity does sins.

What can the Creator see with greater pleasure than a happy creature?

Perseverance is necessary to success in almost any undertaking in life.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

Laughing, if loud ends in a deep sigh; and all pleasures have a sting in the tail, though they carry beauty on their face.

Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies without making arrangements for the purpose.

It is vain to expect any advantage from our profession of the truth, if we be not sincerely just and honest in our actions.

The brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried, and smelted, and polished, and glorified through the furnace of tribulation.

People who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure which they have not spirit enough to enjoy.

Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, particularly being free from flatterers.

Femininities.

Every man, however little, makes a figure in his own eyes.

In matrimonial affairs love frequently goes out with the tied.

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small-pox.

Loving souls are like paupers. They live on what is given them.

The man who wants the earth, is the very man the earth doesn't want.

It strikes us that if politics were religion, nine-tenths of the American people would be saved.

Mrs. Holloway Evans, of Marion county, S. C., has given birth to five children inside of one year.

Avoid going from house to house for the purpose of hearing news and interfering with other people's business.

The affection of young ladies is of as rapid growth as Jack's beanstalk, and reaches up to the sky in a night.

There is in England a society conducted by ladies for the promoting of long service among servants. Valuable prizes are given.

A Belfast, Maine, woman, in response to all inquiries as to what she wanted for a Christmas present, said she wanted a calico apron. She got 41 of them.

Sprigga: "How much older is your sister than you, Johnny?" Johnny: "I dunno. Maud uster be 20 years, then she was 20, and now she ain't only 18. I guess we'll soon be twins."

A young composer has just written for a soprano voice a beautiful song entitled "Would that I were Young Again!" It has been so much time wasted. The woman can't be found who will sing it.

Said an old friend to a disconsolate widow: "I hope your good husband was well prepared to leave?" The widow, sobbing violently: "Prepared? I should think so. He was insured in six companies."

Mrs. Mackay's latest fancy is an Angora cat. She has a beautiful male specimen, of tortoise-shell and gray, with a tail as thick as a fashionable boa. A collar, jeweled with diamonds and sapphires, adorns the animal's neck.

The oldest arm-chair in the world is the throne of Queen Hatasu, who flourished in Egypt 1600 years B. C. It is made of ebony, and is beautifully carved. It is now one of the most recent treasures of the British Museum.

The lowness of English ball dresses has excited discussion again. A matron declares that she heard this conversation at an evening crush: "Look at that charming girl. No one can compare with her." "No. She outstrips them all."

George Brancroft, the aged historian, accounts for his long life, by the fact that he was the middle child in his father's family; that he has always been in bed by 10 o'clock at night, and that he spends four hours in the open air every day unless prevented by stormy weather.

Two little fellows, Sammy and Willie Baldwin, aged 14 and 12 respectively, walked from Kearney, Mo., recently to St. Joseph, Mo., to see their mother in the insane asylum, whom they had not seen for six years. They were afraid to ask their father to let them go, and walked the entire hundred miles.

An assault-at-arms, executed by ladies, occurred lately at Berlin, Germany. Five lady pupils of a fencing-school, headed by their lady teacher, all dressed in sky blue, with antique cuirass in silver, went through a series of exercises with foil and sabre. The teacher defended herself, blindfold, against two assailants with foils most successfully.

An Englishman named Hughes, rendered splenetic by unrequited love, committed suicide at Bologna, in a most determined manner. He drank a small bottle of whisky mixed with strychnine, then locked the doors and windows, made a fire of charcoal, and finally cut the artery of his left wrist. A loaded revolver which he had lying on the table became superfluous after that.

Inquiring child: "Mamma, Mrs. Blinks calls herself Mrs. John Thomas Blinks, and Mrs. Minks calls herself Mrs. Catherine Blank Minks. Which is right?" Fashionable mamma: "Both are right." "Both are?" "Yes. A married lady retains her father's name if he is a greater man than her husband, and takes her husband's name if he is a greater man than her father."

Somebody has figured out that the female lawyers in the United States number 46, and are to be found as follows: Iowa, 3; Missouri, 2; Michigan, 6; Utah Territory, 1; District of Columbia, 3; Maine, 1; Ohio, 4; Illinois, 7; Wisconsin, 5; Indiana, 2; Kansas, 3; Minnesota, 1; California, 2; Connecticut, 1; Massachusetts, 1; Nebraska, 1; Washington Territory, 1; Pennsylvania, 1.

Woman with satchel enters car; sits down; enters conductor, asks fare, woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel, offers dime, receives nickel, opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes satchel; stop the car, please.

Merchant to Collector on New Years day: "John, are the Blinkinses going to receive to-day?" Collector: "I saw their card in the papers to that effect." Merchant: "Well, take our bill for September and go up. You haven't been able to get in the last twenty-five or thirty times you have called, but you can get there to-day. I tell you, John, society is a great blessing if you only look at it right."

"Father," she said, burying her face upon the old man's shoulder, "if I can win the pure, earnest love of an honest, upright man, my life will be full indeed. I ask not for mere wealth. I would love and honor such a man, dear father, if even one hundred thousand dollars were all that he could rightly call his own." "Noble girl!" responded the old man, deeply affected, "I hope you may find him."

Masculinities.

Caligula spent for one supper $400,000.

Wise men hesitate; only fools are certain.

Men who have company must have money.

Eight Senators, it is said, will not ride in a street-car drawn by a white horse.

During the coming year the fashionable walking-sticks will weigh five pounds.

An attempt is being made to classify the London clubs into intellectual and non-intellectual.

They have just discovered a lady-killer in Ohio who was engaged to three sisters all at one time.

One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think.

It is less important to a young lady that her lover's diamonds should be of pure water than that his drinks should be.

A Petersburg, Va., patriarch, 75 years of age, is now reveling in his eighth wife, and is the happy father of thirty-six children.

When a man is writing a purely business letter, it is a trifle dangerous for him to whoop around and ask his wife how to spell "darling."

Speaking of oats, the ancients made use of fourteen different kinds of boot-jacks, as proved by those unearthed from the buried cities.

A ten cent box of shoe blacking will go further than a one-hundred-dollar diamond scarf pin towards making a fellow appear a gentleman.

A cheerful, easy, open countenance will make fools think you a good-natured man, and make designing men think you an undesigning one.

Small Girl: "Rob, what's a widower, anyhow?" Small Boy: "Why, Helen, I'm surprised at you. It's the husband of a widow, of course."

"Papa," said little Johny McSwilligan, "when is a person in his dotage?" "A man is in his dotage, Johnny, when he is going with his first girl," replied McSwilligan.

Richard Darnell, who was disturbing a congregation at Urbana, O., was knocked down three times by the clergyman, Rev. J. F. Frederick, and afterward conveyed to jail.

A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and time; a wise man first to gain them, then to animate them.

A clerk of committees, a recent importation from New England, has amused Washingtonians by calling in the Capitol restaurant for "toast with holes in it." What he meant was waffles.

She: "Before we were married you promised to fulfill every wish you read in my eyes, but I don't find it so at all." He: "Yes, since that time I have grown very near-sighted."

A school teacher at Beatrice, Neb., chastised a boy severely and was fined $5 for it. The school board, however, endorsed the action he had taken and raised his salary $10 per month in consequence.

Physician, to patient: "Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held." Patient too sick to care for anything: "Very well, doctor, have as many accomplices as you like."

No man is so foolish but he may give another good counsel sometimes, and no man so wise but he may easily err, if he takes no other counsel than his own. He that was taught only by himself had a fool for a master.

A man at Muckalee, Ga., saw a large flock of birds, and amused himself throwing stones at them. When he got through his watch was missing, and bystanders said that he was so excited that he had thrown it at the birds.

An Eastern Oregon man married a Portland widow not long ago. During their bridal tour East he asked her sentimentally: "Darling, do you love me better than your first husband?" "Oh, certainly," she replied; he's dead!"

The London firemen are about to be uniformed for duty in asbestos cloth, a material which has already been adopted by the Paris fire brigade with satisfactory results. Equipped in this incombustible apparel the fireman is practically master of the flames.

Of the seventeen Presidents of the United States 11 were college graduates. Of 20 Vice Presidents 10 were college graduates. Nineteen Secretaries of State out of 29 were college graduates; while 20 out of 41 Associate Judges of the Supreme Court were college men.

The finest house in Washington is that of B. H. Warder, on K. street. It cost $400,000 and looks like a Venetian palace. It has a bath-room of marble, and in one of the bed-rooms there is an apartment walled with mirrors, so arranged that one can see every part of himself without turning his head.

First Citizen: "I see that there is a red flag out just around the corner from your house, Second citizen, alarmed: "What! a red flag." First citizen: "Yes; a case of small-pox, I hear." Second citizen, relieved: "Oh, small-pox." "My wife has just got back from the country, and I was afraid it might be an auctioneer."

A Canadian lumberman who got lost in the woods and took refuge in a deserted lumber-shanty near Opeongo subsisted on bits of bark which which he stripped from the trees for nearly a month, when he was discovered and relieved. He had no fire, and most of his clothing had been torn off by his wanderings in the woods.

A gravedigger in the chief cemetery at Valenciennes has just been condemned to a fine of $5 for having disinterred a body from a grave. He was asked by a woman to get for her the gold ring of the wife of her husband, that ornament having been left on the finger of the deceased person when she was buried. The gravedigger set stealthily to work in the churchyard one night and found the ring, but the matter was brought to light.

Recent Book Issues.

"Etiquette of Man's Dress" is a book that should prove valuable to those interested in the latest styles, and the proper thing for occasions of ceremony. Published by "The Men's Outfitter," New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Cassell's Family Magazine for February, besides an excellent quantity of fiction, including the opening chapters of a new serial, by John Berwick Harwood, and good short stories, gives much of a valuable practical character, embracing a discussion by the Family Doctor of the important question, "Why am I getting Bald?" a paper called "In Case of Accidents," and another on "How I Nursed my Brother Back to Health." Among the many other good things is a bright little romance resulting from "A Broken Collar Bone," and a sketch by a brilliantly imaginative writer who took "A Journey to the Regions of the Sun." The fashion articles are as usual full of suggestions for the lady members of the household and are beautifully illustrated. Cassell & Co., New York.

The February number of *The Woman's World* is a particularly interesting one. A notable feature of this number is a discriminating and highly interesting article on the late Mrs. Craik, treating of her as a writer and as a noble woman. A fine portrait is given of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and pictures of the interior and exterior of her home, "The Corner House," Shortlands. Lady Wilde, mother of the editor, contributes a beautifully strong poem on "Historic Woman." Following is a description of a historic house, Kirby Hall, the home of Sir Christopher Hatton, by Lady Constance Howard, and an article on Greek Plays at Girton College. The frontispiece of this number is a beautiful portrait of the Princess of Wales in her Academic robes as Doctor of Music. The editorial work is well done, and London and Paris fashions receive due attention, with illustrations. Cassell & Co., New York.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for February is an etching of J. W. Waterhouse's painting, "Mariamne," Queen of Herod the Great. The leading article of the number is the opening paper on "The Black Arts," by John Ruskin, being a reverie in the Strand devoted to the subject of black and white drawings. A younger art critic, Frederick Wedmore, gives the substance of a lecture on "Modern Life in Modern Art." "The Portraits of Napoleon the First," is an interesting paper. Other articles are an account of Œdipus Tyrannus, as given at Cambridge, England; a short sketch of Mr. Pasteur, illustrated with a portrait bust by Paul Dubois; an illustrated biographical sketch of Gerald Terburg, the Dutch painter; "Notes by an Artist Living in the Country;" "Art and the Common People;" and "Art in Christmas Decorations," full of useful hints. The American and foreign art notes are full and bright. Price $3.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

SERPENTS.—The following incident will serve to show the danger to which the inhabitants of India are continually exposed from serpents:

A gentleman was one evening writing a letter, while his left arm was carelessly hanging over the side of the table, when a friend, who sat by him, said, "Mr. B., don't move a muscle upon any consideration, for a cobra di capello is surveying your hand, and the least movement will cause it to snap at you." The gentleman glanced his eye round, and, sure enough, there was the snake dancing its head round and round his hand. With the greatest self-possession he maintained his position. At length, the snake, poking its head into the sleeve of the gentleman's white jacket, began to ascend his arm; still not a muscle moved, not a feature was altered. Soon the reptile emerged from the sleeve at the collar, when the movement of his friend, alarming it, caused it to descend his back to the ground, where it was soon killed.

MANNERS.—Manners may be either a revealer or a concealer of the true mental or moral condition of a man. When adopted as a veil to hide what is there, however ingenious the artifice, the beauty and grace of truly fine manners cannot be reached. There will always be an indescribable something to dim their lustre and cast suspicion on their verity. The bland courtesy which covers up dislike or indifference cannot command absolute trust; the gracious condescension which is often adopted to hide a mild contempt generally betrays it in the end. The finest manners are those which express frankly and unconsciously the actual presence of fine qualities in their most delicate shades. All mere imitations of them where they do not exist, all artificial airs and graces for the sake of appearances, are mere manners, which soon become transparent and disclose the objectionable qualities they are intended to hide. M. S.

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SPANISH FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

I will describe two funerals, says a correspondent, that I witnessed at the great cemetery at Seville.

Four little bare-footed boys arrive at the cemetery. Between them they carry a little blue and white coffin. They jog along, chatting and laughing, up the long avenue of trees. Presently they see something that attracts their attention—a bird in a tree. They begin to throw stones at the bird. Then they quarrel about something, and two of the boys have a fight.

In the meantime the coffin lies in the roadway. I walk up to it, and through the glass let into the lid I see the dead child's face. It has been dead perhaps twelve hours, so the features are unchanged, and it appears to be calmly sleeping. Several persons pass; no one takes any notice of the coffin in the road. One old gentleman nearly stumbles over it, and swears.

Presently the ragged boys, having arranged their differences, return and pick up the coffin. Two of them have lighted cigarettes. They carry their burden across the cemetery to a little house where two or three men sit smoking. Here they show a paper, and one of the men, picking up a spade, tells the boys to follow him.

On they go, jogging the coffin now this way, now that, and I follow them. We come to a long line of brick vaults. Some are empty; some are filled to the top with what I presume to be mould. The gravedigger turns over the clay with his spade, and strikes a coffin here and there. It is too full. He moved on to another bricked square, pushes his spade in, and says there is just room.

He digs a little hole and lays the coffin flush with the top of the brickwork; then he throws on a few spadefuls of earth from a mound close by, and the ceremony is over.

There are thousands of these bricked squares in the cemetery, and each contains a score of coffins. There is no stone over the top: only the earth. Some of them are so full that the earth has to be piled up to cover the coffin, and thus it is actually above ground.

The next funeral arrived as I was leaving the cemetery. A carriage, driven by a man smoking a cigarette, came up. It was followed by a cab, from which an old gentleman alighted, also smoking. The carriage pulled up at the gate of the depository—a little house in the grounds which receives people who have died too late to be buried that day.

The guardian of the house cigarette in mouth, flings open the door, speaks to the gentleman, and then calls for some one to come. Another man with a cigarette now approaches. He and the driver lift out the coffin, and carry it into the house and lay it on the trestle. They then light a candle at the head and foot, and come out and shut the door.

On drives the carriage, the man lighting another cigarette, and the gentleman to whom the corpse belongs, strolls across the cemetery with the grave-digger to choose his place. The man turns up a little earth in one square; then in another.

"Too full," says the gentleman, puffing his cigarette. He goes from one square to another, and pokes the earth with his cane. At last he finds a square only half full. "That will do," he says, and then returns to his cab and drives away.

HOW THE ENGAGEMENT ENDED

"Hallo, old boy!" exclaimed Robinson. "How are you? Glad to see you."

"First rate," answered Jones. "You well?"

"Thanks; quite! By the way, I heard you were engaged to Miss Bondolipper?"

"No, Robinson; I was engaged to her, but that is past."

"Well, Jones, between you and me, now, you are a lucky boy. She's rich, of course, but that is all she has to recommend her."

"Yes."

"And then her money is really only prospective, you know. Her father might lose it all."

"That is true."

"Well, that's the way I look at it. I could have married her myself."

"You could?"

"It's a fact; but I counted the cost, and drew back just in time. Fortunate, wasn't it?"

"Very."

"But tell me how you managed to break off the engagement. Mine hadn't gone quite so far."

"I didn't break it off."

"Oh, she did it herself, did she? But perhaps I ought not to say anything about it. I supposed, of course, that you broke it off yourself, as she was so anxious to marry, and everybody knows that."

"Oh, you needn't apologize. I'm not worrying at all about it."

"That is good. Might I inquire what made her break it off?"

"Oh, she didn't break it off, either."

"Well, that's strange. Then it must have been her father?"

"No, he had no objection."

"Then how did you manage to get out of the engagement?"

"I married her last week."

"Ah-h-h!" with a gasp. "Well, I must really be going now. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

A SHILLING, a quarter, or 25 pennies will buy a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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The Parting Kiss.

BY ALICIA BERTHA WENTZ.

THERE was ominous silence in the snug little cottage of John Winthrop, at old Nantown. It was the calm after a storm.

John and his wife of eight months had quarrelled for the first time, that pleasant June morning. She was pouting, and he was sullen.

The wordy dispute was over, but each was unwilling to make the first advance towards a reconciliation. The origin of the quarrel was trifling, hardly worthy of mention.

The coffee was not strong enough to suit John, and he had said so in words less gentle than he might have used. The wife's feelings were hurt, and her retort was not followed by a soothing reply.

John Winthrop was a fisherman. He had money in bank, and owned a sloop, christened the Martha Jane, after his wife, besides being the proprietor of a neat-looking house and a few acres of ground.

He had received a fair education in the schools of his native parish. He was a hearty, rugged, handsome young man; and when a Nantown girl, Martha Jane Rennington, accepted him, it was universally admitted that she had obtained an excellent husband, while he was equally fortunate in his choice of a wife.

It was John's custom, every morning before starting for his boat, to give his wife a parting kiss.

From the day of their marriage this had never been omitted, and with the touch of the lips of her whom he loved above all on earth still warm upon his own, he had begun with renewed vigor his daily routine of toil.

This morning he hesitated. The irritation aroused by their foolish dispute had not yet passed away, when the old upright clock in the corner pointed the hour to go.

As he stepped towards the door he relented somewhat. He turned towards his wife. She was still silent, but her face was raised eagerly towards him, and tears trembled on her eye-lids.

In a moment she was clasped in his arms, and with more fervor than ever before, he imprinted on her lips the parting kiss. Her sweet smile spoke love and reconciliation more plainly than words.

The sparkling fish were running, and it was a busy time for the fishermen. All that forenoon John Winthrop worked too actively to give much thought to anything else.

He did not even notice the rising cloud in the northwest, slowly expanding and growing denser and darker as it mounted towards the zenith.

The storm came with the suddenness and wild fury of a hurricane. It did not find Winthrop and his crew of two men wholly unprepared; for, like experienced fishermen, they always had such emergencies in mind.

The Martha Jane was a staunch boat, and John decided that his best course was to run before the gale towards the open sea, and thus avoid being broken on the rocks, or stranded on the sands.

The storm would probably last but an hour or two, he thought, and then he could make for home, later than usual, but soon enough to prevent his wife from suffering much anxiety.

The storm, however, proved to be more than a passing hurricane. While it diminished somewhat in fury, it contained sufficient energy to prevent any hope of the fisherman's sloop being able to tack in a contrary direction, and the only chance for safety was in running with the gale.

Night came on, with the Martha Jane still bounding before the wind far out on the broad Atlantic.

At times it seemed that the stout little boat would surely be engulfed; but, thanks to skilful steering, she rode securely, rising like a thing of life from the seething valley of waters to the crest of a mountain billow, only to sink again in another vast furrow of the ocean.

It was a long night. It seemed as if dawn would never come. John stood at the wheel or at the bow the wearisome hours through, peering into the darkness, and keeping up the courage of his men with enlivening and hopeful remarks.

But while his attention to duty never flagged, his mind was far away in old Nantown, and he often thanked God that he had not left that morning without the parting kiss.

Midnight passed—so John Winthrop's watch told him, but all was still black as midnight. The glimmer of the lantern was hardly visible from the deck. The only relief to the intense darkness was the phosphorescent gleam of the boiling foam. Only the direction of the storm and the waves could be told. As to all else, human precautions were powerless.

With no more warning than the lightning stroke gives to its victim, the crash came. There was a grinding noise, a smothered cry for help, and the Martha Jane sank into the depths of the boiling ocean.

At the moment of the crash, John Winthrop instinctively grasped a chain, whose links swung loosely against him. He could not see, but he could feel that it was the anchor chain of a vessel. He was pulled on board. His companions had gone down with the sloop, and it was useless to think of any attempt at rescue.

The vessel which ran down the Martha Jane was bound from Bristol to the coast of Africa. Winthrop was carried to Sierra Leone. Too self-reliant to ask for assistance from others, he accepted the first opportunity to get employment as a sailor on a brig running to Scotland. Thence, with the earnings of passage, he took the first train home.

Let us go back to the cottage at Nantown. It is needless to describe the anxiety of the young wife when she saw the breaking of the terrible storm. She did not sleep that night, and, like her husband far off on the raging ocean, she thanked Heaven repeatedly that, whether lost or among the living, he had not gone in the morning without the parting token of a wife's affection.

As days, weeks and months passed, and no tidings came of John, Martha began to lose the hope that he might possibly have been picked up by a passing vessel, and carried to a distant shore. But still her loving heart refused to give him up as dead, and morning and evening she looked with longing eyes towards the broad ocean, which, she believed, held the secret of her loved one's fate.

In due time a little stranger arrived to claim her devotion, and divide her love with the absent husband and father. It was called John Winthrop, Junior.

It was a crisp, clear evening in December. Martha was sitting in her cosy cottage, looking out at the beach, and the stars which glinted on the peaceful winter sea. Her babe was in her arms. Her face was pale, but perhaps fairer even than before it had been impressed by the chastening influence of grief.

A shadow passed the window. There was a knock at the door—an old-time, familiar knock.

Martha's heart was in her throat. She did not wait for the woman who had been her companion for several weeks to answer the call. She opened the door, and in a moment she and the baby were in the arms of her husband.

"I little thought," he said, as he concluded, at the supper table, his long and interesting story, "that so many months would pass before I would clasp my wife in my arms again. It will be a lifelong lesson to me, whatever difference we may have, never to go out for the day, for toil or for pleasure, without a parting kiss."

A LADY stepped into her sleigh the other day, and, taking up the reins, talked to her horse like this: "Get up!" "Go on, Billy!" "Get up! Get up!" "Billy, why don't you go?" "You horrid brute!" "What a stupid!" The horse, despite all this, stood stock still. Then his mistress spoke to a gentleman who had been watching her: "Can you make this animal start, sir?" He politely bowed, came forward, unhitched the horse, and patted him on the neck. Then the animal started.

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery, meanness for economy, and vileness for wit.

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Humorous.

THE GIRL IN FRONT.

She sat before me down the aisle;
She looked so sweet, so free from guile;
I sat and watched her for awhile,
  Thoughtless of prayer.
She had a fashionable hat,
In shape the opposite of flat,
And all that I could see was that
  And her back hair.

Unheeded was the organ's noise,
The crew of small, white-night-gowned boys,
While I admired her small head's poise,
  Her shoulders trim;
And meditating on her dress,
While others sang with zealousness,
I sat alone, and, I confess,
  Forgot the hymn.

Such shoulders, such a perfect waist,
A Grecian Venus might have graced;
Her toilet was in perfect taste,
  And fashion new.
"I know that she is fair," I said;
"As fair as dainty and well-bred."
Then, when she turned her pretty head,
  She turned mine, too.

—U. N. None.

A weather report—A thunder clap.

A goose paper—A marriage certificate.

Familiar household words—"Shut the door."

The paper with the largest circulation—Bank-note paper.

Paradoxical. A man always feels put out when he is taken in.

Do the girls know that one of the leap-year privileges is that of hauling the toboggan up hill?

It is no great credit for the worm to turn when stepped upon. A barrel hoop will do the same thing.

When we don't want children they are in the way; and when we do want them it takes a search-warrant to find them.

They tell in Washington of a lady who gave "a pale green and red luncheon"—something in lobsters and lettuce possibly.

Query from a doomed one: "As man and wife are one, must the husband, when seated with his wife, be beside himself?"

There isn't a more innocent little thing in the world than a brook trout, and yet it has made hopeless liars of thousands of men.

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one she finds she can do nothing with him.

The figures of this year, 1888, resemble three big girls and a dude as they spread themselves across the pavement on a fine afternoon.

A very good glass eye can be bought for $100, and yet people will persist in using those that nature gave them just as long as they can.

He: "Did you enjoy the sermon?" She: "Of course I did. I had on a new hat and dress, and the sexton seated me in front of that dreadful Miss Briggs."

"So you ran a newspaper once, did you?" asked a reporter of a tramp. "Yes, for two months." "Did you clear anything?" "Oh, yes! I cleared out."

An umbrella with a patent arrangement in the handle for attaching it to any object so that no one but the owner can release it, will supply a long-felt need and find a ready sale.

Bridget: "Enjoy slape, is it? How could I, I'd like yez to tell me. The minute I lay down I'm aslape, an' the minit I'm awake I have to git up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it come in?"

An exchange has an article headed, "How to Make a Japanese Fan." One good way would be to dress the Japanese in a buffalo robe, put a mustard plaster on his scalp and then stand him over the register.

A note picked up in a rural postoffice in Tennessee read: "Dear ——: The reason I didn't laff when you laft at me in the postoffis yesterday was because I had a bile on my face and can't laff. But I love you, bile or no bile, laff or no laff."

Absent-minded business man to office-boy: "William, go up to my house and tell Mrs. Jones I have again forgotten my watch. Bring it back with you." He pulls out his watch and continues: "Now, William, it is 9 o'clock, be back at 10."

A Connecticut woman has embroidered the words and music of "Home, Sweet Home," on a linen sheet which is on the spare-room bed. Her guests have not decided whether the hostess means to indicate that they must feel at home or had better go home.

Uncle Rastus (to lawyer): "Kin I git er man 'rested fo' 'cusin' me ob bein' er thief, sah?" Lawyer: "Well, yes, Uncle Rastus; to call a man a thief may be libelous. Who was the man?" Uncle Rastus: "Hit wah de man dat I done stole de hain fum, sah!"

"Don't you want a few signs, 'Honesty is the best policy,' hung on the wall?" said a man who had such signs for sale to the grocer; "there's money in 'em." "Nop, I guess not," replied the grocer; "I've been doin' business on this corner fer ten year in a stiddy, conservative sort o' way, an' I don't b'lieve in makin' any new-fangled departures."

A K street man met his daughter's "hope" in the hall and materially hastened his departure in the usual manner. Then he returned limping to the parlor and sat down. "I hope you didn't hurt Harry, papa?" sobbed the daughter. "No!" fiercely replied the old man, picking his foot up and nursing it. "No, I didn't hurt him, but if he ever comes here again with bricks in his coat-tail pocket I'll kill him?" And the girl smiled softly through her tears.

THE USES OF FAT.—There once prevailed, and to an extent there still prevails, a popular superstition that fat food of whatever sort is injurious, and should be avoided. This is great nonsense, as far as theory goes, and incalculably mischievous when reduced to practice. In the human body, the blood contains one-half per cent. of fat, the muscles more than three per cent., the brain eight per cent., and the nerves twenty two per cent. Unless this proportion is maintained by proper nourishment, these organs of the body suffer, each in its degree, and disease is the result. Much of the nervous disease to which Americans are especially subject, may be traced to the American distaste for fat foods, and the consequent starvation of the nervous system: and a systematic consumption of fat food will often be of amazing use to nervous invalids.

The popular objection to fat comes largely from its being taken in forms either unpalatable or indigestible. To be palatable, fat must be taken with such admixtures as will disguise its greasy flavor. Butter may be spread thickly on bread, for instance; or bacon fat, which is most excellently wholesome and nourishing, may have bread soaked in it as in a gravy. Cream, when obtainable, is an excellent form of fat. The old custom of hiring children not to eat butter was a barbarous way of persuading them to buy ill health. When fat is indigestible, it is usually because it is not sufficiently subdivided to be quickly assimilated. A lump of butter will cause nausea while the same quantity spread on bread will be readily assimilated.

Persons inclined either to consumption or to nervous diseases are especially in need of fat foods, and should take them as a matter of conscience, if not as a matter of taste. Cod-liver oil is more useful as a preventive than as a cure, and should be resorted to before lung disease has time to develop. It is the most easily digestible of fats, and if taken from one to two hours after eating, when the food is passing out of the stomach, will rarely cause unpleasant eructations. Nerve food is vastly preferable to nerve stimulants, and, systematically pursued, the eating of fats would help to banish those destroyers of good health and good temper.

Nervous strain can be endured with less harm to the organization on a breakfast of bread, fat bacon, oatmeal and cream, followed after an hour or so by a tablespoonful of cod-liver oil, than on coffee and wine in plenty. Children to whom fats are systematically given, and stimulants systematically denied, will, all things being equal, do in after life the maximum of work, with the minimum of wear and tear.

THERE are three classes of men in our big cities who wear corsets—those who wear them for their health or physical comfort, the idiots who wear them with the idea that it improves their shape and the dudes who wear them so that their coats will set upon their backs without a wrinkle. The first are usually very corpulent men, who to use the expression of a fashionable tailor, would wabble too much without them. The second sort are the simple-minded fellows who believe that a slim waist causes the breast to bulge out, and that this, with pronounced hips, indicates surpassing strength. Some of these men are so slim that their waists anyway could be spanned with the hands, but this is not considered, and they wear corsets that are drawn so tight that they look like a sausage with a string tied around the middle.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles!

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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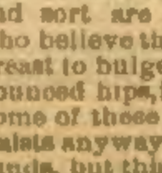

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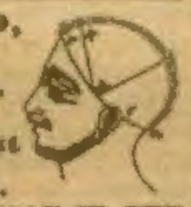

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PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 23, 1888.

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THERE'S A BIT OF A STIR IN FANCY FLANNELS.

A hitch in French fancies—good for tennis-skirts, shirts, wrappers, men's coats—puts them down to 65 cents.

A lot embroidered, wool on wool, many colors, sell thus:

To-day	Heretofore,
65 cents	99 cents
75 cents	$1.00
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A choice lot of plaids, for sacks and wrappers and children's wear, at 37½ cents, a quarter off.

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New lots of Drawers, with Hamburg inserting and deep embroidered ruffles, 50 cents.

Twelve dozen only, fine Muslin skirts, with cambric tucking, and wide Medicis inserting and lace, at $1.75. They are valued double.

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But very little money will go a great way in the best Books—never before so far.

BOOK NEWS readers know this, and they know just how the pulse of the Book world is beating. The January number has a portrait of Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), whose pen has set the tongues of all bookish people wagging. 5 cents, 50 cents a year.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The many woollen materials for this season's wear are really very handsome, and are used for quite dressy toilettes, as well as for ordinary home and walking ones, and those with an admixture of velvet or plush are dressy in appearance.

The most popular way of introducing these richer stuffs upon woollen ones is in stripes, generally colored ones on a dark ground, but they also appear in lozenges and diamonds.

Stripes are, however, the favorite design just now, and all kinds of striped fabrics serve for the panels, skirts and trimmings; but we have also many checked materials as well as large plaids and irregular weavings of colored threads. Brown is still in great favor, but perhaps the most favorite color is green, which we have in all the new materials from the patent to the darkest shade.

Yellow, too, is a great deal worn, particularly to give a dash of bright color in a hat or bonnet or upon a gown; in fact, it may be said, that it has to a great extent taken the place of red, which has been used in this way so often and so much, although red has not by any means gone out of fashion.

Brown and gold is a lovely combination in the new rich fabrics, and the uncertain weather of January does not allow us to think of anything like the spring attire.

Gray mixed with black is always rather a pretty mixture, and gowns of delicate shades of gray trimmed with black velvet, while all gray ones are extremely pretty, composed of cashmere and plush. Tailor-made gowns are those most generally worn for walking, and the neatness, simplicity and exquisite fit of them always makes them stand out from others. They are usually of quiet and rather dark colored cloth or tweed, but striped and checked stuffs are also employed, also pepper and salt mixture. Braiding is a feature upon these, while the buttons are very small and put on very close together.

Camel's hair is a favorite material just now, and so is serge, the latter having often the velvet or plush designs we have mentioned before.

Polonaises and double skirts are being made for the early spring, but nothing has yet been found more generally becoming than the short bodices and long draperies that have so long been and still are fashionable. A variation in the latter is made by having only one drapery instead of two—that is, a straight one fully pleated up to the waist on the right side, and from thence swept right round to the back where it is draped in a cascade. This is intended for a soft woollen material over a plush or velvet skirt which is only shown on the right side, with a glimpse of it all round at the bottom of the skirt.

Most of the bodices have revers to open them over the waistcoat, and they usually close across the back, although they often open again to show another glimpse of the waistcoat beneath. The collars are worn very high indeed, really in many cases looking quite uncomfortable.

We notice some charming blends of light brown, beige as it is generally called, and with dark green, and may describe one costume of these two colors which certainly harmonise extremely well.

The main part of the gown is of the beige color in a stuff of canvas texture, while the green is velvet. A broad revers of the velvet goes down each side of the skirt, buttoning to it on the sides nearest to the back. On the left side this is put back only a little from the front, but on the right it is close to the back drapery, and between these two the cloth is arranged in full deep folds. From the left side a kilting of the same is placed to cover what is left of the foundation of the skirt, while a full back drapery gives the finish. The bodice opens at the throat, and again, just below the waist, with revers of velvet over a velvet waistcoat, and has cuffs and neck-band of the same.

Amongst pretty home dresses is one of gray cashmere, gray silk and black velvet. The skirt is a perfectly plain kilted one, made full to look well over the round tournure so generally worn, and this bordered on either side by handsome gray woollen lace opens over a petticoat of silk pleats across, where it is tied by careless-looking bows of black ribbon velvet. The bodice has a velvet waistcoat and neck-band, and a narrow band of velvet edges the basques, ending in front in a bow which makes a third of those down the front.

Shawls are made into very tasteful tea-gowns or home dresses with full waistcoat and petticoat of some plain material, the gown and bodice being turned back with revers of velvet to show them.

The simple cloth jackets which still remain in favor, are now much smartened by the braiding applied, as well as by the handsome cords so much used for both mantles and dresses.

Many of the costumes for the early spring are made with small jacket or cape to match a convenient, as well as a pretty fashion.

Ulsters are far from dowdy garments, they are more trimmed than they used to be, and on these braiding cords and velvet are replacing the astrakhan worn during the winter.

Very pretty indeed are the costumes made with mantle and dress combined—that is to say, a long coat of cloth opening widely down the front over an under one of plush.

Some of these in black are very elegant, while one in seal brown, which has a full rolled back collar, looks very rich and dressy.

Hats scarcely show any brim yet, at least it is laid flat to the crown, but there are to be some with wider ones for wearing a little later on.

Velvet and ribbon bows tastefully made, are sold for both these and bonnets, and are very useful for many people to whom the making of a bow does not come easy, also to make an occasional change in color; and with these are put ospreys, aigrettes and high tufts of feather flowers on very thin stems, which have a very pretty and light effect.

Beads are lavishly employed upon hats and bonnets, small ones to cover the crown and large ones to edge the brim, and can be had in every color.

Flowers are rather out of fashion, till we see more of the real ones, when all the pretty ones of spring, notably snowdrops and violets, will be seen in the pretty little fancy straw bonnets.

The evening dress materials are most delicate and pretty, and the gauze ones in which threads of tinsel are introduced; also those in which flecks of gold appear, are particularly charming.

Some of the prettiest colors are in the pinks and blues, and in the latter the salmon tints are popular, as also are pale shades of yellow.

Beads and pearls are lavishly used in the evening toilettes in embroideries, fringes, etc., also for dotting over the tulles, grenadines and other flimsy materials.

Dog collars are also made of beads to be worn with any dress, and bead embroidery can be bought to place upon those of thick materials as well as upon thin.

Wreaths of spring flowers ornament most of the cream or white ball dresses, and Parma violets are very often chosen for this purpose.

Skirts are made very simply. Some are divided into two deep flounces, the upper one commencing from the waist; others have one deep flounce only; and others, again, are merely pleated all the way down.

When a tunic is preferred, it is draped very simply in front and at the back, leaving a good deal of the skirt visible. The bodice is generally made apart from the tunic. A favorite pattern has the fronts slightly pleated from the shoulders, and pointed in front; it comes a few inches below the waist, forming a very short basque.

Another pattern is similar to the above at the back, but has loose fronts opening over a plain or pleated vest. The tunic also opens in front, forming a plain panel on each side, while at the back it is draped up. This model is very elegant in dark-colored cashmere, trimmed with a deep border of embroidery down the fronts of both the bodice and tunic. The coat-sleeves are also trimmed with embroidery.

This trimming, though made by machine of course, looks exactly as though made by hand. It is a mixture of open-work and satin-stitch embroidery in floss silk. Such borders are very fashionable, and are to be found ready-made and bought by the yard. Ladies can have them made to order in their own material to match their costume.

Odds and Ends.

THE SEASON'S FANCY WORK.

During summer and autumn fancy work is usually at its lowest ebb, but when the out-door amusements fail, and cold weather drives one in to fire and lamplight, then the neglected work baskets are brought out, and the collections of silks, etc., looked over in view of future industry.

There has been for some time past a great fancy for quilts; and at country houses where "company work" always appears to while away an hour or two, several quilts, in various stages of completion, are sure to emerge from pinned-up cloths or capacious bags. Linen or Roman satin have been the two favorite materials, and the designs have usually been of conventional flowers, or of labyrinthian twistings and turnings. Detached groups composed of a single large daisy, alternately filled in and worked in outline, with a bud and leaves, is another favorite device, scattered sparsely over the surface. Many workers design their own patterns, but few amateurs can take a flower and conventionalise it. This is a special art, and one carefully studied by the professional hands, who do it for houses of business. At the art work schools the ladies submit ideas and designs to the professional designer, who studies them and converts them into the shape in which they are shown to the public.

Some new work which has lately been introduced is jewelled embroidery. A design is worked in colored silks, and sometimes crewels, on unbleached linen, satin sheeting, or brocatelle, and faceted pieces of cut glass with a hole through them, are introduced, as centres to flowers, etc.

At bead and trimming shops these almost flat glass ornaments—for they can scarcely be called beads—are sold, representing rubies, emeralds, garnets, sapphires and so forth. Some of the work is done in brown wool, or silks, with white glass inserted, in imitation of the Indian fabric that has recently been much used for hangings in fashionable houses, and which are, I think, called poolkerries.

This work is done entirely according to the fancy and taste of the worker, and is very effective for the backs of blotting books, the panels of evening dresses, ornamental work bags, with the upper part of plush, and for sachels, etc.

Plush may also be introduced, for the petals of large flowers, with the jewels as centres. Working in silks, over the designs on brocatelle, is fashionable work at present, especially for blotters and cushions.

The perforated cloth, worked with silks in cross-stitch, is still popular with many people who do not care for more elaborate work, and the wide curtain bands, for keeping back muslin or material curtains, look very well.

Patchwork is always to be seen, and a great deal of it has this winter been done by men, especially soldiers. It was stated at one of the English exhibitions that a coverlet, once in the possession of the late Gen. Sir Hope Grant, and purchased by him from a young soldier, had fourteen thousand pieces of cloth in it.

Another one, made by a soldier, had twenty-eight thousand pieces. The work had been one of intense interest to the men, and helped to keep them steady and industrious.

If any commanding officer, or any ladies connected with soldiers or sailors, interest themselves in getting up industrial exhibitions, it would be a great source of pleasure to the men and officers, and profitably employ many a weary, idle hour. Pieces of materials of all kinds, from cotton to plush, would always be obtainable from friends. But not only with patchwork, but with other things, such as cork work, wood-cutting, knitting (for many soldiers, especially Scotchmen, can knit), and other industries, have men distinguished themselves, and all these things could be encouraged and cultivated.

Scotch people are said to be thrifty, and as an instance of the truth of this, we were told strong, warm skirts and working aprons were made from the ravellings of worn-out worsted hose and antimacassars, woven on the hand looms in a small Scotch village. The material was in stripes, the ravellings being wound up into balls. Occasionally some new red worsted would be brought to weave with the old and introduce a little brightness into the rather sombre general tone. Two pounds of worsted are required to make a woman's skirt. Aprons and quilts were also shown me, composed of shreds of cotton, Turkey twill, and any sort of material.

These old hand looms are only worked by aged men and women, mostly very poor and decrepit, who learnt their business in early life. Scarcely any young people work at them, and when the old weaver dies the loom generally stops working for ever. Much of the bed ticking, winsey for gowns, sheeting and dusters, sacking, and also fine table linen is still made on these old hand looms, and sent through agents into the towns to manufacturers.

THERE were lynched, during the year 1887 in the United States, no fewer than 123 persons. Of the various states and territories, Texas leads the list, with fifteen lynchings, and Mississippi is entitled to second place, with fourteen to her credit. All the victims were males, eighty of them being negroes.

Confidential Correspondents.

COLONEL.—The "g" in Los Angeles is soft.

GAZELLE.—The story is not and will not be published in book-form.

NED.—"Reponder, s'il vous plait," is a French phrase, and means "answer, if you please."

CARE.—K. C. B. signifies Knight Commander of the Bath. R. A. means Royal Academician.

QUERY.—Webster defines a "lady" as a woman of gentle or refined manners; the feminine corresponding to gentleman.

PARTI.—The gendarmes are men-at-arms, a sort of military police in France. They wear a uniform of the shade known as gendarme blue.

PATER.—1. The railway mileage of the United States is 150,179 miles. 2. In the event of the death of President Cleveland the Secretary of State, Mr. Bayard, would succeed to the Presidency.

LETTER.—Napoleon II was the legitimate son of Napoleon by Maria Louisa. He was given the pompous title of King of Rome, and died as duke of Reichstadt in the 21st year of his age in 1832.

BLAND.—The small letter on the coin designates the mint at which it was struck, as "S" for San Francisco, "C C" for Carson City, "O" for New Orleans. The coins struck at the parent mint in Philadelphia bear no mark.

BATTERY.—The Krater at Vienna, Austria, is the largest park in the world, containing about 5129 acres. Our own Fairmount Park, of 2816 acres, comes second; Phœnix Park, Dublin, contains 1700 acres; Hyde Park, London, 400 acres; Regent's Park, 403 acres, and Central Park, New York, 843 acres.

GAZELEY.—The word "bootle" is to be found in either of the dictionaries spelt "boodle." It has been used in its present sense over thirty years, and it is to be found in the "Thieves' Lexicon," published in 1859. "Boodle: counterfeit money. Boodle carrier: one who carries the counterfeit money and hands it out, one bill at a time, to those who pass it."

BET.—Keep away from him; for, of all flirts, the sanctimonious flirt is the worst. Of course, if he inquires why you avoid him, you need say no more than a few words. Inform him that you cannot consent to be made a subject for chatter. Men of his class are rather fond of setting up what they call "spiritual" attachments, but we always notice that the object of the spiritual attachment is young and attractive. Abide by the fair, brave, old-fashioned modes of courtship, and be as wary as possible of "spiritual" talk.

MUSIC.—"Programme music" is a term originally intended to apply to that small but interesting class of music which, while unaccompanied by words, seeks to portray or suggest to the mind a certain definite series of objects or events. The following pieces may be mentioned—the Pastoral Sonata or Symphony, Beethoven; overture, Midsummer Night's Dream, Mendelssohn; "Power of Sound," Spohr; in pianoforte music, Schumann's Carnaval, Kinderscenen, Waldscenen; Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette."

ANXIOUS.—You have been engaged to a shuffler. Those weak fellows who listen to objectionable stories are the most dangerous people in the world. When he heard a scandalous tale about you, was it not his duty as a lover and a man to speak to you at once and let you know your slanderer? Instead of that, he runs away like a coward and leaves you to fret your heart out in suspense. Then he returns and lays the blame on some one else; then he runs away again. Send him about his business, and do not be tempted to have anything more to do with him.

MUG.—The Civil Service act, otherwise known as the Pendleton bill, was passed on January 8, 1883, and introduced the principle of compulsory competitive examination into the civil service of the United States. The Civil Service Commission at Washington names the dates at which examinations of candidates for positions in the Post Office shall be held. 2. Applicants for examination must be citizens of the United States and able to pass an examination in arithmetic, spelling, geography, dictation and writing. 3. Bonds to the amount of $1000 or $2000 must be given.

ACCRINGTON.—You are quite wise to tell your failings in a straightforward manner. People who have indulged to excess in alcohol are considerably troubled by nervous symptoms when the habit has been discontinued suddenly. At the same time, we believe in knocking it off once and for all. You can strengthen your nerves a good deal by taking plenty of nourishment. Good soup or beef tea may be taken between meals. Coffee is very likely to do you good, and a strong cup of it may be taken when you used to partake of liquor. This will do much to quiet your nervous sensations.

W. O. E.—The word addressee means a person to whom a letter, a newspaper, or any other portable thing is addressed. It is pronounced address-ee, in three syllables, with the accent on the last syllable. It has come into use, of late years, through the post-office departments of Great Britain and the United States. The officers of those departments have constantly to refer to persons to whom letters, papers, etc., are addressed, and it being altogether too tedious to keep writing "The person to whom the letter is addressed." "The person to whom the paper is addressed," and so on, they coined the word "addressee." It is such a convenient word that it is coming into general use, and the dictionary makers will be obliged to recognise it, and insert it in future editions of their works.

S. S.—It is impossible to think of a difference of opinion in a legislative body without thinking of the different persons composing the assemblage: and, of course, as soon as different persons are thought of, the idea becomes plural, and must have a plural verb to express it. Hence, a collective noun that is singular in form but plural in idea must be followed by a plural verb. And such a noun is plural in idea when we must think separately of the persons or things constituting it, in order to make the assertion which we wish to utter. In speaking of the appearance of a herd of cattle, we would say, "That is a fine herd of cattle." But in speaking of the effect of fright upon cattle, we would say, "That herd of cattle being frightened by a locomotive, they were scattered in every direction," not "it was scattered," etc.